

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Eighth Year of Issue

January, 1949

## 1848-1948

► THE YEAR 1848 is famous as the year of revolutions. 1948 will probably go down to history as the year in which the revolution failed to come off.

"When France sneezes, Europe blows her nose," said someone a century or so ago. And on February 24, 1848, revolution broke out in Paris. Within a month they were reaching for their handkerchiefs in nearly every European capital. Governments were overthrown in Vienna, Rome, Buda-Pest, Munich; in Berlin the Prussian king had to give his people a constitution, and in Frankfurt a German parliament met to draw up a constitution for a united German people. Even in London there was the Chartist demonstration of April. Only in Russia was there complete calm, the impassive, immobile calm of an unshakable authoritarian regime.

One hundred years almost to a day after the revolution of 1848 in Paris, revolution broke out in Prague, in February, 1948. And once again European statesmen reached for their handkerchiefs. But this time the Moscow-engineered explosion failed to set off a chain reaction in Europe. At the end of 1948 Western Europe remained firm. With American help it is recovering economically, and its governments are showing encouraging signs of a capacity to work together against the Russian kind of revolution. The year ends with the strongest and most stable of these governments—the British, publishing its detailed calculations for the achievement of full economic autonomy by 1952. As we have looked back from 1948 to 1848 it has seemed obvious that the most important event of that exciting year was the publication of the Communist Manifesto. Perhaps we are on the way to recognize that the publication of John Stuart Mill's Principles of Political Economy was equally important.

Secretary Marshall delivered his famous speech at Harvard, in June, 1947. Within the next year the sixteen western European governments had got their plans going to meet the conditions on which American help was offered.

(The primary condition was that the European countries must co-operate with each other in solving their problems, not that they must establish capitalist governments.) By the end of 1948 it looks as if they have turned the corner economically. The Communist effort to take Italy out of the Marshall scheme was defeated in the Italian elections, and later attempts by communist-dominated trade unions to accomplish by strikes what they failed to accomplish at the polls have been broken with surprising firmness by the Italian authorities. Two waves of communist-inspired strikes in France have also failed. West Germany, at last beginning to function as a unit, is in a much more comfortable position both as to food and as to production than in 1947. And the air-lift to Berlin has worked successfully through the difficult winter months.

This does not mean that everything goes well in Western Europe. France is the weak spot. Every time in 1948 that Anglo-American relations with the U.S.S.R. became especially critical, France developed a political crisis which threatened to paralyze western action and to throw France herself into a chaos from which she was likely to be rescued only by the man on horseback. French obstinacy about Anglo-American plans for the rehabilitation of western Germany shows once again what typical Frenchmen the Bourbons were. If the French persist in learning nothing and forgetting nothing the prospects of a permanent recovery of Europe are black. The core of the European problem is the future of Germany. Obviously, a revived Germany is safe only if Western Union is already functioning successfully by the time that an independent Germany makes her choice between East and West. The Americans are a little too

(Continued Overleaf)

### In This Issue

HOW GOOD IS THE CCF PROGRAM? Page 221  
BRITISH TRADE UNIONS - - - Page 223  
WRITING FOR THE CBC - - - Page 230



## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

1848-1948 .....	217
EDITORIALS .....	219
FIRST TERM PROGRAM— <i>E. A. Beder</i> .....	221
THE STRUCTURE OF BRITISH TRADE UNIONS— <i>John R. Coleman</i> .....	223
BERLIN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM— <i>Kurt Mattick</i> .....	225
MACKENZIE KING OF CANADA (Part III)— <i>H. S. Ferns</i> .....	226
CANADA: TO BE OR NOT TO BE— <i>David Conde</i> .....	229
O CANADA .....	230

### LITERATURE and the ARTS

ON THE AIR— <i>Allan Sangster</i> .....	230
JANICE AND THE WHITE MOUSE— <i>Robert Fontaine</i> .....	231
FILM REVIEW— <i>D. Mosdell</i> .....	233
RECORDINGS— <i>Milton Wilson</i> .....	234
NEW YEAR VIEW— <i>Harry Roskolenko</i> .....	235
BILLY GOAT BEACH— <i>John Porter Heymann</i> .....	235
THE DEAR OLD COMMON MAN— <i>J. L. Smallwood</i> .....	235
LULLABY— <i>F. Zieman</i> .....	235
BALLADE UPON AN ANTIQUE EJACULATION— <i>Norman Newton</i> .....	235
TURNING NEW LEAVES— <i>J. C. Garrett</i> .....	236
BOOKS REVIEWED .....	236

#### 1848-1948—Continued

quick to assume that a revived Germany is necessarily the nucleus of Western Europe, as the French are too pigheaded in assuming that a revived Germany is necessarily the primary enemy of Western Europe.

Trouble is brewing also because each of the European governments is showing marked proclivities for solving its own economic problems at the expense of its neighbors. And in this unpleasant race the British are, as usual, being accused of being well in the lead.

But the great achievement of 1948 has been the five-power defence pact of Britain, France and the Benelux countries. It is now in process of being expanded by the accession of the United States and Canada. (This fundamental change in foreign policy is our Canadian revolution of 1948; and except in Quebec it is going on almost without discussion.) Europe is still almost defenceless against Russian armed invasion, but the favorable time for such Russian action is rapidly passing away.

The first painful achievements in military and economic co-operation among the western peoples can be put against the almost complete failure of the United Nations. It has drawn up a charter of human rights, which is an interesting literary document; but the cold war between East and West has frustrated it in all its practical political tasks.

## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Even in the case of Palestine, where the East-West cleavage did not operate, its activities have ended in fiasco; and in Indonesia its authority seems likely to be similarly flouted. The recent Assembly in Paris, however, did accomplish something. The cold war which seemed to start out as an American-Russian struggle or as a struggle between the Anglo-Americans and the Russians, with a large group of unhappy would-be neutrals in between the giants, has that appearance no longer. There are six states who vote for Russia, and all the rest are voting together against her. The United Nations has demonstrated to us that we live not in One World but in Two Worlds; and its debates are gradually making clear the values for which our world stands.

The collaboration of the United States with Western Europe has been made much easier by the American elections. To everybody's surprise it turned out that the American people had little taste for going back to government of the people by big business and for big business. The combination of left-of-centre groups which elected President Truman is not very much different in its social composition from the combination of social-democratic and labor parties, catholic democrats and middle-class liberals which is slowly working out the framework of a new democratic Europe. Whether President Truman will prove capable of providing the dynamic imaginative leadership that the world needs from America remains to be seen.

So far we have been talking about the defeat of communism in the West. But deadlock in Berlin may represent only a communist feint behind which the communist legions deploy in the Far East. China is almost lost to them. The Americans who went to war to prevent China falling into the control of Japan seem to be almost ready to allow her to fall into the hands of a much more powerful enemy. And after China what next? We can only hope that the wise statesmanship of the British Labor government in making friendly terms with India and Burma may help to counter the communist claims in those parts of the Orient that communism comes to rescue all Orientals from all forms of western imperialism.

Canada had a little revolution of her own in 1848. It was in that year that Reform governments were elected in Nova Scotia and in Canada and the first cabinets pledged to the system of Responsible Government were sworn into office. We haven't heard much of Howe or Lafontaine or Baldwin in 1948, for Canadians have little sense of history. Is the real commemoration of the events of 1848 to consist in the triumphal arrival of George Drew at Ottawa?

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## British Steel

After considerable argument within the party, the Labor Government in England has introduced a bill for the nationalization of steel. The subject had been canvassed vigorously in the press for several months, and finally the way was prepared by a propaganda pamphlet written by G. D. H. Cole. The proposal is neither so urgent, nor so obvious, as in the case of coal and transportation. The latter two industries were comparatively unified, whereas the steel industry has extremely complex ramifications, its tentacles stretching into all sorts of subsidiary or ancillary industrial enterprises. Nationalization may well have unexpected reverberations. In addition, the steel industry is not, as was the case with coal and transport, either inefficient or in a shaky economic condition; nor has it bucked the government in the present recovery program. It is already subject to government controls and has served the public interest well since the war; it is one industry which has consistently exceeded its quotas in the export drive.

What then is the case for nationalization in 1949? Primarily a doctrinal one, a decision over timing. The left wing of the party pressed so that it would be able to return to the hustings with a promised job announced done. There is a frank admission that it is nationalization for the sake of nationalization, for the sake of adherence to socialist belief. The more conservative wing of the party counselled delay until the recent nationalizations could be consolidated; it was unwilling to take the risk of upsetting the recovery program by tackling an extremely intricate industry. The gamble has been taken, and the Labor party, which feels sure of victory at the polls, has declared itself ready to risk fighting the election in this very controversial atmosphere.

## Human Rights

The skepticism pervading the post-war mind was not diminished by the record of the third UN Assembly which came to an end at the close of the past year. The Paris meetings failed to solve the problems underlying all major issues threatening world peace, and the USSR and the Western Powers are no closer to genuine understanding than they were before the third Assembly was opened.

Two important accomplishments were achieved, however, in the adoption of the Declaration on Human Rights, and the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide. The former is a somewhat vague compendium of desirable human rights crammed into some thirty articles and a preamble. The document, by virtue of being the result of the work of a group of people holding widely divergent views on what basic human rights should be, is not perfect, and will probably not be implemented completely by any of the countries which will subscribe to it. As an ideal to strive for, however, it is a magnificent declaration of faith, which may in the long run do much to force statesmen to examine their conscience (and public opinion) before they undertake to suppress the basic freedoms and rights of their peoples.

The Genocide Convention states that genocide is a crime under international law, both in peace and in war. "Genocide means any . . . act . . . committed with intent to destroy,

in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group." The convention introduces a new concept to international law, for the International Law Commission is to prepare a tribunal which is to try crimes of genocide, and an international penal system is to be established to enforce its decisions.

The Genocide Convention and the Declaration on Human Rights are milestones in international co-operation, and, if the spirit behind them becomes an active force in human conduct, the third assembly of the United Nations may come to be considered one of the most important conferences following World War II. For, after all, every act of war is a form of genocide, and to outlaw the latter in principle may be a step toward outlawing war itself.

## Latin American Tragedy

Recent military coups in Venezuela and Peru reveal a strengthening of anti-democratic forces in Latin America. Since the end of the war, and particularly in these two countries, democratic parties have been gaining in strength and influence. In Venezuela, the Democratic Action Party gained effective power under the leadership of Señor Gallegos. Consisting largely of socialists and ex-communists, it has in the three years of its rule established a new constitution, universal franchise and the direct election of the president. It has introduced agrarian reform and labor rights, it has campaigned against illiteracy and launched a social welfare program. In Peru, the more radical, but anti-communist, Apra party led by Señor de la Torre had gained an effective plurality in congress but was frustrated by the conservative opposition which refused to form a quorum. The head of the state, Señor Bustamante, was a middle-of-the-road leader who tended to be lenient to the Aprista. In both countries, then, the seizure of power by rightist military cliques was aimed at the smashing of the growing social democratic forces. In both countries a hopeful movement toward the alleviation of almost unbelievable economic and social misery has been at least temporarily smashed.

These upsets reveal the weaknesses of democratic movements in Latin America. Lacking the support of a politically conscious and educated middle class (there being none) they must look for assistance from progressive elements in the army (which elements are frequently unstable and fleeting) to gain power. Once in power they must set about creating that form of society in which democracy can function. They must raise the economic level of the masses, establish an independent peasantry and a healthy labor movement, and they must teach the people to read. But this process of creating an industrial democracy is just what the army and its rightist supporters will not allow. Thus another military coup brings the vicious circle of Latin American politics around again.

The Costa Rican incident is another attempt by an ex-dictator to evict his more liberal successor. The decision to apply the Rio treaty of mutual assistance in this case is encouraging. But what is needed in the Western hemisphere is not only protection for states against aggression but also a pact which would protect the peoples of the states against arbitrary seizures of power. This would transform a merely military alliance into a significant social manifesto.



In the meantime recent events in Latin America are adequately summed up by the exiled Gallegos: "The events in Venezuela are one more act in the tragedy that democracy is suffering in our America."

## "From Sea to Sea"

On December 11, representatives of Canada and Newfoundland signed an agreement setting forth the terms under which Newfoundland is to join confederation. The union is still not official, however. The terms have to be ratified by the Canadian parliament, the Newfoundland Commission government, and the United Kingdom. These formalities are expected to be completed before March 31, the end of the fiscal year, which has been set as the date of official union.

The agreement follows in general the terms worked out in the fall of 1947 and presented for approval in the referendums of last summer. The main change is an increase in the transitional grant to be paid to Newfoundland: instead of the \$26,250,000 originally set, the transitional grant is now fixed at \$42,750,000, beginning with annual payments of \$6,500,000 and declining gradually over a twelve-year period.

The document contains fifty sections covering all the major arrangements necessary to fit Newfoundland into the federal framework. A great deal of careful study, negotiation, and compromise went into the drafting, and the many complex issues involved could hardly have been settled without considerable desire for agreement on both sides: in itself a very hopeful sign for the success of the union.

The advantages to Canada and Newfoundland are about evenly divided. The Newfoundland government gets various grants and subsidies totalling some \$193,000,000, and the Newfoundland people get family allowances, old age pensions, unemployment insurance, and veterans' benefits. Canada increases her area by some 150,000 square miles and her population by some 320,000. She gains a strategic base controlling the North Atlantic seaboard and two mighty airports at Goose and Gander. She gains also the wealth of the Labrador wilderness, including tremendous undeveloped waterpower, one of the world's richest iron deposits, and extensive pulpwood resources.

## By-Elections

We presume that the results of the three by-elections on December 20, following close upon that of Digby-Annapolis-Kings, did not bring much comfort to most of the readers of this journal. The return of Mr. Garson, the Minister of Justice, and of Mr. Drew, the Progressive Conservative leader, who were both running in safe seats, was practically inevitable. Perhaps it would be as well if the CCF did not insist on challenging the rather pleasant practice of allowing acclamation in such cases. There are not too many occasions for graceful action of this kind in Canadian politics. But of course the famous precedent of South York in 1942, with the flip which it gave the CCF in Ontario, has to be remembered on the other side of the argument.

The Laval-Two Mountains result seems to show that all the recent noise made by extremists in Quebec against participation in the next war (even in a war in which the Vatican will be an ally) has not had much effect. It would appear to justify Mr. St. Laurent in not taking Quebec isolationists very seriously. To judge from the vigorous way

in which his government is entering into military commitments in the new North Atlantic alliance, this has been his opinion about his Quebec opponents from the start.

Much more serious is the progress of the Drew forces. We might as well recognize that the Drew campaign has gone exactly according to plan ever since the day when he became Prime Minister of Ontario, save for the momentary setback in the last Ontario elections. In a brilliant siege he compelled Mr. Bracken to surrender, and now he arrives in Ottawa with the prestige of a striking victory in two by-elections behind him. Gossip, chiefly in the Liberal papers, has it that Mr. Duplessis is growing cool about the Quebec-Toronto axis, but there is no proof as yet that this is anything more than wishful thinking. Mr. Drew reaches the House of Commons confirmed in his deliberate decision that debating methods which have died out save in Ontario beverage-rooms are just what the Canadian public wants, and that his dirty tactic of pinning the label "National-Socialist" on to CCF candidates is exactly the way to discredit socialism in this country.

In fact, of course, the Drew Tory party and the Communists are as effectively allied with each other in this country as the Republicans and the Wallaceites were allied in the recent American presidential election. Neither could afford to see the other eliminated, whether in the Toronto city council, the Ontario legislature, or in the wider field of national and international politics. Each needs the other as a bogey man. The Republican-Wallace alliance was a bad flop in the United States. Our American neighbors, when they go to the polls, seem at the moment, to be rather better informed about the facts of life than do we Canadians.

## Thumbprints

After some sixty years of the margarine ban, the Supreme Court decision that the whole thing had been illegal all the time comes somewhat patly to the relief of the federal government, trapped between the growing butter scarcity and the dairy interests. It also wipes out the whole awkward question of how constitutional it would be to force the ban on Newfoundland, which already produces it.

\* \* \*

We are interested in the appointment of Dr. Ernest Hope as economist to the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. Dr. Hope was, until recently, economic adviser to the Progressive Conservative Party. Does this change of position make Dr. Hope less conservative, or the CFA more so?

\* \* \*

The standard Canadian cigarette, sold in packages of twenty for thirty-five cents, costs exactly one point seven five cents per gasper. The same cigarette, bought in packages of fifty at eighty-eight cents, costs one point seven six cents exactly.

What's that you say about the large economy size?

\* \* \*

One of the larger oil companies, which we might call Moonoco, has for months been basing its advertising campaign on a series of statements to the effect that their gasoline is no better than any other. "No other gasoline gives you quicker starting, faster acceleration, better mileage, etc."

Doing quite well by it too, apparently, so perhaps Barnum flattered us all.



## Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 40, January, 1924, *The Canadian Forum*.

It would be idle to speculate as to the exact composition of the Labor cabinet which will almost certainly be in power in a few weeks. On all sides Mr. Macdonald has been urged to take on the Foreign Office as well as the Premiership, and there is every prospect that he will do so. For this has ample precedent, and it is of vital importance that the new Foreign Minister should combine strength of character with wide experience. In the course of his career in the I.L.P., Mr. Macdonald has travelled from conference to conference in all parts of Europe, and with the near East and with India he is especially familiar. The probable acceptance of the Lord Chancellorship by Mr. Justice Sankey has solved one difficult problem. Perhaps the most amusing spectacle will be that of generals and admirals having to take their orders from trade-union leaders. We ourselves would sacrifice a good deal in order to be present in the billiard-room of the United Services Club when the appointment, of, say, Mr. J. H. Thomas to the War Office is first made public.

*From Correspondence*

**'YOU THINK YOU'RE BLEEDING POETS'**

The Editor:

As judges of poetic lore  
You think you're very fine;  
You pose as haughty connoisseurs  
Of rhythm, beat, and rhyme.  
You talk and argue, raise a fuss,  
And maybe even fight;  
Of that I am not curious  
Because—now get me right—  
My sweet, ecstatic, high-flung verse  
You canned. Oh, nerve sublime!  
I think you'd make poetic hits—  
In the undertaking line.

V. E. McG., Toronto

## First Term Program

E. A. Beder

▶ **JUST HOW GOOD** is the CCF first-term program? Examination of it falls into two parts: (a) the practical measures proposed; and (b) the conception of a first-term program itself. It is a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon mind that it considers theory and practice quite unrelated: as, in fact, antithetical approaches to the same problem. Consequently, whilst in logic one would endeavor to make sure of (b) before embarking on (a), there is nothing more certain than that any social-democratic party which stems from the British Labor movement will have eyes only for the practical measures and let theory, and perhaps the theorists, go hang. So the thing to do is to start with the practical measures as propounded by the practical people.

The outstanding plank of the proposed CCF first-term program is, of course, nationalization of the banks. Everyone recognizes this as a key measure, the source of vast economic power. It can be utilized as an almost direct control over production. And since socialism envisages such control as the very foundation of the socialist state, it seems at first sight hard to cavil at this plank. But for the state to take over the banks and let production remain in the hands of private owners is to let the government in for as

pretty an economic contradiction as one could devise. Under the conditions of social democracy it would not be the state which would hold the whip hand over production; it would be the producers who would call the tune over the state.

A CCF government could be elected only in time of considerable difficulty and economic distress, when the government is under the strongest pressure to set labor in motion, to find ways for its voters to make a living. Small and medium-size businesses need bank credit for that, and the government is now the bank. But quite a number of small and medium-size businesses are superfluous or inefficient; they are certainly not vital to any planned economy. Can the government bank tell them that? Or can the government bank scrutinize their financial position with a cold fish-like eye and tell them that they do not warrant the credit they are demanding? Then the owners will go back to the workers and tell them: "You see, your own government won't lend us the money to carry on. We can't give you work." There is no end to the headaches that must arise in such circumstances. Given ample credit, many firms will over-produce for their market. What will the government bank then do? Close them up? Destroy the political support of their employees?

Big capital, on the other hand, is in the best position to resist any squeeze from the state. Large corporations do not need bank assistance and will go ahead in the direction they believe will yield the greatest profit. Britain's Cripps had this to say recently: "Our manufacturers are getting the best price they can in the best markets and we can't stop them." If soft currency countries yield a bigger profit than hard currency markets, then the product goes where the profit is greatest, despite all the "socialist planning" of the Labor government. If the state does not own the means of production it is futile to speak of a planned economy.

The very last practical measure a CCF or any gradualist socialist party should institute is nationalized banking, unless it has already taken over production. It means that the state will assume financial responsibility over the large segment of the economy made up by small and medium capital businesses without being able to ensure them stability. Under such conditions the nationalized banks of the CCF could solve no problems; they could only share the headaches and the losses of their clients. It would be far better for the CCF to operate separate individual and agricultural banks, alongside or even in competition with the commercial banks, to sponsor any schemes they might want to introduce, thus safeguarding these projects from the squeeze that the financial interests might seek to put on them. These government banks would be an insurance against sabotage.

As for nationalization of the agricultural implement industry, what is the criterion here? Is it to reduce the price of agricultural implements? No one can claim that this will follow nationalization. As a practical measure it would be easier to effect economies in the distribution of the product. Big capital is reasonably efficient in production; it is the distribution side of the capitalist system which is supremely wasteful. Advertising, jobbers, smaller dealers, salesmen, etc., add enormously to the cost.

And what about nationalization of insurance? Why should the CCF be not afraid to talk about nationalizing the banks and keep mum about the insurance companies? The banks would certainly turn out to be a headache, but the insurance companies are, as the phrase has it, money for jam. No other industry makes as much money, or does it as easily and painlessly. There is no obstacle here for a CCF govern-

ment: it simply collects the premiums from the policyholders and pays out about half of what it takes in. The rest, like Topsy, just grows at nice interest. The CCF could use the surplus for a low-cost housing program or any other worthwhile enterprise, or it could cut premiums, or do both. The simplest and easiest way for a CCF government to gain cash and glory is through the insurance business.

So much for the practical side. Alas, it is all shadow and no substance, for when one turns to a more theoretical approach, when one looks at the whole conception of a first-term program, then the real difficulties are seen.

If there is one thing that emerges with terrifying emphasis in this post-war world, it is that before a country or a party can speak in terms of social welfare, not to say socialism, it must have the economic resources and the economic equilibrium to produce what is promised. The British situation reveals this all too clearly. When the Labor party found itself in office it had a first-term program—of pre-war vintage—and dutifully set to work to implement it. The Laborites nationalized coal, the railroads, utilities, etc., and they expanded health insurance to cover the nation. Then they found they had never really come to grips with their real problem: how could the country's whole economy be maintained? The world had turned over in the period between the drawing up of the plan by the Fabian researchers and the time for its execution, but no one in the party seemed to realize it. The export-import relationship which had been the foundation of the country's economic structure had been undermined, but still the Labor party hopelessly offered its first-term program.

The CCF is following in the footsteps of the British Labor party. It is doubly wrong in its first-term program. The measures themselves are bad: they would lead only to confusion if not chaos and (what is worse for politicians) repudiation at the next election, but over and beyond this is the fact that a first-term program laid out now could have no value in the period when the party might expect to come to office.

If there is general understanding that the functioning of the economy is the first charge upon a political party, then a program of even full nationalization becomes a secondary factor. I am not arguing against nationalization of the means of production. On the contrary, I believe no solution is possible without that—but it is simply a fact that nationalization may not be enough if a socialist state is to endure.

Nationalize everything in Britain tomorrow and you will solve nothing. Why? Because Britain is not a self-contained land. Do what they will, the planners cannot produce the food and raw material necessary for their existence. And as for selling their manufactures for these things as they are now trying to do, then your socialism is driven out of the window and you are back in a market economy. The price of production comes into the picture immediately and your social welfare schemes are endangered because they are an element in costs.

Such difficulties arise in great measure from the unbalanced nature of British economy. What of Canada? Would the CCF face similar difficulties here? The characteristic feature of the British situation as it now exists is that the country needs a surplus of *imports* to maintain a reasonable standard of living. The characteristic feature of the Canadian economy is that it needs a surplus of *exports* to maintain good economic health. Both countries have a fundamental disequilibrium. That is to say that nation-

alization is not the whole solution for either one. Both require nationalization plus.

The Soviet Union has all the elements for a self-contained economy, and the United States, with its superior productive ability, can make the exchanges it requires in the world market. Britain cannot be self-contained under any circumstances. Canada might attain economic balance but it would take at least thirty years of planning to effect it. Thus a CCF government, besides having to face the disequilibrium of the immediate conditions which had brought it to office, would also face the long-term disequilibrium of Canada's inherent imbalance which demands a surplus of exports. (I cannot help repeating: what a beautiful headache for the CCF banking system!)

To secure export markets for Canadian products the usual approach is through the price mechanism. So the factors which operate to retard and depress the British standard of living once they are "on their own"—the need to cut prices to find a market to pay for exports—would also operate in Canada even under a CCF government. In order to maintain employment export prices would have to be slashed. This would have inevitable repercussions. Either the government would have to subsidize the farmers, timber operators, mine owners, etc., at the expense of the rest of the population, or the general standards would fall in accordance with the real economic position.

And what has to be faced is that the same thing would happen if all production were nationalized. Of course there would be compensating factors, too, but basically if we had to depend on exports we could not avoid the consequences. *If you have to depend upon the world market to maintain your economy, it is futile to speak of socialism.*

It is, however, possible to end upon a practical note which may contain a solution. If no country that cannot attain a balanced economy can attain socialism then it is still possible for a number of countries to integrate their economic structure to produce such a balance. It is clear that Britain's essential need is not a world market but the entry into a closed economy with the right partners. Of course that would need full nationalization. I suggest the CCF is missing a great opportunity by not clearly recognizing the world situation, along with Canada's own need, and formulating a bold program of economic balance.

Britain needs at this time an excess of imports, Canada an excess of exports. At first sight there is no balance of payments in all this, but there is what may be called a true economic balance, since it provides direction for the flow of our food and raw materials to a workshop where ultimately we could be paid back in manufactures. There are other countries that could be worked into such a scheme. But these are not overnight projects; there must be a political program which envisages all this.

A "first-term" program with its makeshift bits and pieces is plain nonsense in the face of the world situation. Even a program of full nationalization may not be enough at this juncture. The real solution, economic equilibrium, certainly is possible in a socialist federation. The CCF should have the vision and courage to proclaim it.

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# The Structure of British Trade Unions

John R. Coleman

► THE POLITICAL AMBITIONS of a majority of British trade unions were fulfilled in the 1945 General Election when the first majority Labor government took office. But both unions and the Labor party were quick to realize that this victory did not mark the culmination of a long campaign so much as it marked the most severe challenge of socialism to date.

In the next General Election, which must come along in less than two years, the record of the Labor government will be thoroughly examined in press and pub. It is both appropriate and inevitable that the record of the trade unions since 1945 should likewise be brought to public attention. If only by sheer weight of numbers, the trade unions are the backbone of the Labor party; they must share responsibility with party leaders when the score is added up for or against a second term for Attlee and the others. Three years after Labor was elected to office, it is well to ask questions about the unions—about their conduct as responsible parties in the state, about their structural problems, about their efforts on behalf of members and the public in general.

Under a Labor government, there have necessarily been environmental changes of the most sweeping significance to the unions. As the program outlined in *Let Us Face the Future* comes to be implemented, the unions perceive that they are operating within a vastly changed set of conditions, economic, political, and even moral. The fact now faces them that the hard work involved in building the socialist state is upon them. Before 1945, it was all very well to talk about the glorious days ahead; such talk provided the necessary drive to win a parliamentary majority. But now there has to be action.

Appraisal of the structure of the British trade-union movement can most appropriately be made in the light of its necessary adaptation to these changed conditions. This is a tough testing ground for any organization. Three conditions in particular can be singled out. First, British socialism brought with it extensions in the area of government planning on wages, hours of work, manpower requirements, and the like. Much of what the unions prior to World War II had settled with groups of employers at bargaining sessions is now settled in Parliament. Secondly, certain key industries were nationalized. Employees in these industries had a new boss, the state, and they could expect that this boss had to be approached in a somewhat different manner. And, finally, there was launched an intensive drive toward the maintenance of full employment. One profound effect which will follow from success in this drive is the removal of that part of the union's appeal to membership which was based upon job security. The unions will, at one and the same time, achieve one of their goals and decrease the reason for their continued existence.

To these changes, which were associated with democratic socialism *per se*, add that most overriding of all domestic problems, the import-export crisis of post-war Britain. No analysis of British problems since the war makes sense unless we begin with the notion of two distinct drivers in the national saddle: the Labor party and the economic crisis. The socialists had at one and the same time to mold the

*This article has been prepared on the basis of a research trip to England last summer. The author is at present working as a Research Associate of the University of Chicago Industrial Relations Centre.*

new society which they had so long advocated, and to keep the British economy, no matter what its basic "ism," functioning at all. It is extremely difficult to determine which of the two drivers is doing the steering at any one time. If the basic philosophies of the Labor party are nowhere violated in the process, at least the surface ramifications of its policies take on some wondrous forms.

It is the highest tribute to British trade unionism that it has met with such flexibility so many of the problems which arose to confront it after 1945. This flexibility seems to exist in spite of serious structural weaknesses in a number of the most important unions. Particularly is this true in regard to the breakdown of branch life throughout the country. This is more than the problem with which we are so familiar in the United States and Canada, bad attendance at local union meetings. It is frequently the complete breakdown of communication between the top and the bottom of the union hierarchy.

London's dock strike in June of this year points this up in the most dramatic fashion. At first the workers involved had a real grievance, but once a review board had made broad modifications in the disciplinary actions meted out to them, that grievance disappeared. Briefly, the trouble was that the changeover from dockland's days of casual labor to the government's decasualization scheme was made without proper attempts to sell the new scheme to rank and file union members. The privileges did not need to be sold; but the concurrent responsibilities were a new element in the lives of many workers.

The union involved is Britain's largest union. Its leaders maintain that dockers were given every opportunity to make such suggestions as they cared to during the early drafting of the decasualization scheme. But the presentation of these opportunities was not enough. More positive methods were needed to make dockers feel that this was *their* plan and was not the theorizing of party intellectuals. These methods were not adopted simply because there was virtually no active branch life. This in turn can be explained in two ways: (1) most branch meeting places in the dock areas had been bombed out during the blitz; (2) in the economic crisis, the unions were making demands upon workers more frequently than upon employers, and there was little incentive for a worker to attend a branch meeting simply to hear himself asked to work harder.

No appeal which top officers in the union could make seemed successful in encouraging dockers to return to work. The general secretary of the union demonstrated in public meetings that he did not have the ear of rank and file dockers. His charges of communist leadership in the strike were, in one important respect, dangerous. They tended to obscure the underlying breakdown in the hierarchy. The strike situation was made to order for the small group of communists who came to dominate the strike committee. But to blame them for the strike is to give them more credit than is their due as organizers. The problem to be attacked today is not the communist minority group so much as the re-establishment of branch life as a vital link in the union's structure. If the Transport and General Workers' Union is unable to do this, that union has grown too large and remote to serve the dockers.



The dangers involved in losing touch with the rank and file are obvious. Yet the recognition of those dangers may not be sufficient to prevent leaders of unions from going too fast in instituting change. It is not enough that the case for change be a logical one; it has to be embarked upon with the explicit moral support of those affected by it. And a fundamental corollary of this is that the union which fails to seek out the root causes of such disturbances as the dock strike is ignoring symptoms of a lack of whole-hearted support. It is forgetting that the union consists of individuals, with individual rights, to whom all change must be adjusted. It is true that the first three years of socialism have shown that the function of trade unions is a changed one; undeniably, there are some jobs which the unions can no longer be expected to do. The provision of a measure of social security is an example of a job which passes over into state hands. But these three years have likewise shown that one union function does not change; the processing of legitimate worker grievances in an efficient and fair manner remains as a basic chore of the labor organizations. At the shop level, the unions must continue to act as the protector of the rights of individual workers.

The dock strike highlighted, too, the problems of stewards in the British unions. Here, as in several other key unions, the position of the stewards is an anomalous one. The top organization knows that the stewards do in fact exist, but it fails to accord them recognition equivalent to that of stewards in our unions. They are in effect an extra-legal group with varying degrees of power. Top leaders in the past have been hesitant to recognize them officially, because the shop-steward movement has been a stamping-ground for communist organizers. By not forcing this fact, these leaders have in effect contributed to establishing what is in some places a most important communist wedge. This constitutes a glaring example of how negative tactics play into the hands of communist sympathizers. The call must soon go out for positive action designed first to give full recognition to the shop stewards and then to elect to those offices men who are sympathetic to the non-Communist majority in the unions. It is useless to close one's eyes and hope that, if left alone, the stewards will go away.

The structural problem on which it is most difficult for a visitor to comment is the continued importance of craft unions. In this country, students of the labor movement are inclined to stress the view that only industrial unionism is suited to the problems of the vast majority of workers. Perhaps the British craft unions can be given more of a clean slate, because they have demonstrated marked success in eliminating jurisdictional disputes. But the question remains unanswered, whether or not a union of men organized on the basis of shared craftsmanship, rather than on the basis of being involved in the same industry, can best meet the needs of those men. Does a skilled machinist have more in common with another machinist one hundred miles away in another industry, or with an unskilled worker in his own shop who shares with him the good and bad fortunes of the same industry? At the top level of the Trade Union Congress, there is evidence of considerable concern in this regard, and a plea has been made for further amalgamation and federation within the movement. A realistic appraisal of the scene must give recognition to the absolute impracticability of basic structural changes. Individual unions, firmly entrenched over the years, are not inclined to slide quietly into the obscurity of amalgamation, even when the best interests of their members are served by this means. The process of reorganization will be both slow and painful.

The British scene is complicated by the existence of general unions alongside the craft and industrial organiza-

tions. Roughly one quarter of the trade unionists associated with the Trades Union Congress are organized in the Transport and General Workers' Union or the National Union of General and Municipal Workers. These powerful organizations have given outstanding leadership to many developments in the union movement. But here, too, one must ask if a breakdown of members on industrial lines might not be more efficient. In particular, this may be true in the nationalized industries, where one organization speaking for all workers may be superior in regard to the effective promotion of trade union goals.

The top level problem which is of most concern to us is the degree of power to be vested in the Trades Union Congress itself. Today, the Congress is relatively weak; more power rests in the biggest of the individual unions. As long as trade union problems can most effectively be broken down on an industrial basis, power should rest in the National Union of Mineworkers, for example. But, as it becomes increasingly necessary for the government to consult the trade union movement as a whole on questions of policy, only a strong Congress can meet that need. The best hopes for the labor movement may well rest in union organization along industrial lines, with a top co-ordinating organization of such strength that it can speak out clearly for labor whenever an issue is of direct concern to more than one industry.

The hesitancy with which individual labor leaders approach the question of increasing top power in the separate unions and in the Congress can be explained, in part, as a fear of building the unions into organizations too remote from their members. This same attitude is reflected in the fear of creating union bureaucracies through the appointment of large technical staffs at national headquarters. The dual problem of maintaining an organization at once democratic in its roots and efficient in terms of concentrated power at the top may be expected to continue as a significant structural issue in the years ahead.

Certainly, there appears to be no way in which the unions can sidestep the obligations resting upon them to expand top-level activities in the fields of education and research. The new complex of problems with which the trade unions have to deal under a socialist government makes it imperative that increased attention should be paid to programs in these areas. Many British labor leaders feel that they have fallen behind their American counterparts in this regard. They recognize the need, but are uncertain of the means by which the problem should be attacked. Until that recognition spreads downward into the unions, little can be done. In the offices of the Trades Union Congress, there are men most anxious and able to promote such activities, but they feel that the major share of the work will have to be done in the separate unions. This is at once a reflection of power between Congress and its constituent parts, and a consequence of thinking that the problems of individual industries can best be analyzed by the unions in those industries.

The problems of education and research may usefully be discussed in relation to the steel industry. Nationalization of the industry has the overwhelming support of the unions involved. But very little is being done within the unions to promote discussion on what form nationalization should take, who should do the controlling at the top levels, or how workers may best participate in the direction of the industry. There is little being done in the way of promoting increased understanding of the technical problems of steel production. Yet, without that understanding, industrial democracy cannot be made meaningful. The trade unions, as well as the state, have a responsibility in the

field of education. Until the state provides for greatly increased educational opportunities, such independent bodies as the Workers' Educational Association will continue to have an important role in the teaching of general school subjects and the broader social sciences. But the responsibility for the education of workers in the problems associated with their particular industries continues to rest squarely upon the unions.

A further implication of the need for increased educational activities lies in the area of leadership development. Increasingly, the socialist program has drawn off many of the most outstanding union leaders into responsible positions in the government and in the direction of nationalized industries. To provide a steady flow of competent replacements for these men requires broad training programs for new young leaders. Today's union leaders will require both something of the organizational drive by which their predecessors won workers' loyalty and the administrative talents of the new age in unionism.

Finally, education is important in the trade unions precisely because the changes involved in the transition to a socialist economy are so sweeping. The fact that men accept basic changes in their patterns of living with reluctance means that everything must be done to make the transition as smooth as possible. The pertinence of the June dock strike is again obvious at this point. Clearly, the hard work will never be eliminated from making the socialist state work; but it will be even harder if the possible contributions of workers' education are neglected.

These, then, are the important structural problems facing British trade unions today. The fact that those unions have worked with such zeal to elect a Labor government and have acted with such a high degree of responsibility during the early years of that government's term of office augurs well for the future. Their ability to face these new problems with the same courage may be the most important single factor in determining the future of this experiment in democratic socialism.

## Berlin's Fight for Freedom

*Kurt Mattick*

(Translated by Heinz Putsrath)

► ALL BOLSHIEVIST theories were turned upside down in Berlin when the Soviet Russians conquered Berlin in May, 1945. Following in the wake of their marching army were the trained bolshevist commissars. Their order was to sustain the political campaign against Central Germany which had been conducted with Allied assistance, and to prepare the ground for the conquest of Europe. Even many bolshevist officers held the opinion when entering Germany that every German was a fascist but that it would be easy to bolshevise the lot. According to the theory of bolshevism, it would suffice to gain control of the offices, press, wireless and propaganda machines; capitalism would be overthrown with revolutionary methods since its financial power could not be broken by democratic means. The bolsheviks possessed financial, material and military might and tried all means to subjugate the people.

Thus, first of all, the communist cadres were organized and the real democratic parties tolerated in the hope that their elimination would meet no difficulties later on. Then the fusion of the so-called workers' parties was to follow. When the Social Democrats in Berlin suddenly did not respond as they were expected to, and as they should have

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done according to communist theory, the communists found consolation in the thought that the Social Democrats could not hold out for long because they would always remain a small minority and because the means of power were not in their hands. This was the first error. It was mainly due to the prodding of the Russian occupation authorities in Berlin that elections were held so soon—on October 20, 1946. According to Leninist theory it was assumed that the gigantic apparatus of might and propaganda which the Russian military had built up, jointly with its German fellow-travellers, would easily win the elections. Then the way would be clear for depriving the Western Allies of their ideological basis and holding them up to ridicule by degrading them to isolated embassies of foreign powers.

However, the 20th of October, 1946, witnessed the second defeat. Contrary to Leninist theory, neither could the desired election result be attained in Berlin, nor was it possible even in the Eastern sector of the city, which was completely under Soviet control, to frame the elections. There remained but 20 per cent communists after this election; 80 per cent of the population had already understood that a bitter struggle has to be waged for the freedom of Berlin.

The world took notice. The people of Berlin were delighted about their electoral victory, still living in the hope the Russians too will recognize the democratic result. In the Eastern zone the suppressed peoples rejoiced in the barricade of freedom which had been erected in the heart of the zone of silence. But the communists in uniform and in German civil service swore revenge. Their concept had been spoiled and their grandiose plan had to be reorganized. Neither the Berlin democrats nor the faraway peoples of the Allies or their representatives in Germany realized the seriousness of the situation. Just as in Potsdam Stalin had signed an agreement, the main items of which he had already broken while signing, in the same way the communists had no doubt that this democratic success had to be annulled by the application of Leninist tactics.

All this was hardly noticeable in the beginning because for the time being the Berlin constitution was to a certain degree also accepted by the Russians. But as early as the summer of 1947, when Berlin wanted to elect a mayor who had once been a communist and therefore well knew Leninist tactics, they no longer had the will to recognize the provisional constitution. The city assembly, which on October 20, 1946, had been elected in a really free and secret ballot under Allied control of all four powers, had in June, 1947, no longer the right to elect the mayor of the town. From now on the pro-democratic mask was dropped for an open battle between democracy and terror. One need not report on all the stages of this conflict. Step by step the Russians in their sector destroyed the democratic foundations of the provisional constitution and carried through the political and economic division of the former capital of Germany. Berlin thus also became the battlefield for the Allies themselves. Different measures for their sectors were adopted by the Allies after the Russians had withdrawn from the Kommandatura.

The election on Dec. 5, 1948, will conclude a development which could not be prevented. In 1932 the communists believed that the inevitable world war would result in the victory of bolshevism on a world scale. When already in



1930 the Third International asked the German Communist Party to organize a strike jointly with the Nazis against the Social Democratic-led BVG (Berlin Transport Corporation—a communal undertaking) it was because the Kremlin knew that the recent world war would not have been started by the democratic Germany of the Weimar Republic.

If a so-called imperialist conflict were wanted the precondition was that the reaction in Germany should seize power. Everything else followed logically. The war on two fronts which the Weimar Republic had to fight against fascism and bolshevism led to its collapse. Fascism was the victor. After Hitler, by his alliance with Russia—which fitted well into this framework—had managed to get his back covered, the second world war was only the last consequence. That Hitler, now at war with the world, could not moreover also destroy Russia was not foreseen. The seed which Russia had sown endangered its own existence. Shut in the Kremlin for twenty-four years, still thinking rigidly in terms of the year 1917 and having liquidated every opposition, the ideological and political stagnation had gone so far that no new conclusions were drawn from the defeats up to 1945. Once again a new European policy was worked out based on the communist theory that the second world war had fundamentally shaken world capitalism.

After the failure of all attempts to gain ground in France, Italy, the Ruhr, the Rhineland and other territories of Europe where the Russian bayonets were not entrenched, a strict isolation of the occupied territory to the Elbe was the basis for the continuance of the occupation. Berlin, however, is a decisive factor in this necessary step. As long as the democratic forces in the presence of the democratic powers keep the searchlight of the European conflicts focussed on Berlin, the Sovietizing of Eastern Europe is not possible. Russia, which after the war once again spent a great part of its production on armaments, cannot raise its own social level. Thus an average European standard of living in the zone of silence would be like a festering sore, for no power can in the long run afford to induce its people to occupy a territory the social and sociological level of which is far superior to that of its homeland.

The freedom of Berlin must be secured if Europe is to remain alive. This the population of Berlin has fully understood. At present it faces a winter which perhaps will dwarf the events of the past winter. The Western powers with the help of the air lift have eased the food situation. But if there will be a severe winter, the people in Berlin as never before will be mercilessly exposed to the cold. Nobody has any store of coal, wood can no longer be collected and any self-aid is impossible. In spite of this the Berliners will patiently suffer the cold. They will do this in the certainty of concluding the last but most difficult period of their struggle. They know that by accepting the 3 cwt. coal which the Russians would offer them, they would not only betray their own Central European existence but also imperil the fate of Europe.

If freedom triumphs in Berlin, communism will in the spring be forced to enact a new policy in Europe. It will have to recognize that in order to prevent its own internal disintegration it is better to live side by side with a Europe which has proved itself so capable of resistance. Berlin fights for its freedom and for the liberation of the Eastern zone, but also for the chance to compel the Leninists to live in peace with the world. To assist in this endeavor should be a matter dear to everyone who appreciates his own liberty.

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## Mackenzie King of Canada

### H. S. Ferns

(PART III)

► KING ENTERED POLITICS along the avenue of social science. In 1896 he went to the University of Chicago as a fellow in political economy. His thesis, published in the *Journal of Political Economy*, consisted of a study of trade union organization in the United States and an analysis of trade union methods. While in Chicago he lived in the Hull House Settlement. His experience of the slums of a great city and his reading in the field of sociology (he seems to have been greatly influenced by Toynbee) left a deep intellectual as well as emotional impression upon him. He came to the conclusion that the central political fact of modern society is the class struggle—the war of the poor against the rich, of the propertyless proletariat against the owners of the means of production. In *Industry and Humanity*, which is his *magnum opus*, he says: "In many particulars, the horrors of international war pale before the possibilities of civil conflict begotten of class hatreds. This, the world is witnessing even now!"

King was no ordinary Ph.D. student. He had practical interests beyond the world of research and paper shuffling. Upon his return to his home after a year at Chicago, he explored the growth of slums in Toronto, and exposed his findings in articles in the newspapers. He investigated sweatshop conditions, and influenced the Government to see that sweating was eliminated in all firms which worked on government contracts. He was instrumental in organizing the federal Department of Labor, and at the age of twenty-five was appointed the first Deputy Minister of Labor.

But King was something more than an energetic young man with a talent for getting things done. American scholarship is designed to suppress emotion in favor of factual accumulation and analysis. Training at Chicago and Harvard was never able to repress King's emotional awareness of the world. Indeed, study seems only to have given it form and direction. He was quick to grasp the apocalyptic character of the age in which he lived. Thirty years ago he recorded the conviction that mankind is now re-enacting the crucifixion and the resurrection. *Industry and Humanity* closes with these words: "Is it too much to believe that having witnessed Humanity pass through its Gethsemane, having seen its agony in its Garden of Fears, having beheld its crucifixions upon the cross of Militarism, Labor and Capital will bring to a disconsolate and brokenhearted world the one hope it is theirs alone to bring; and that, in the acceptance of principles which hold deliverance from the scourges that beset Mankind, they will roll back the stone from the door of the world's sepulchre today, and give to Humanity the promise of its resurrection to a more abundant life!"

King's analysis of the world leads him to conclude that the crucifixion will lead to resurrection through the co-operation of Labor and Capital. In this he differs from the Marxists whose analysis of the crucifixion or revolution leads them to believe that the resurrection will be achieved through the elimination of the capitalist class.

An analysis of King's thought indicates that he came to this conclusion by two separate avenues. By the avenue of political economy, he accepted the theoretical axiom underlying all non-Marxist economic theory that capital is an independent factor in the productive process. The labor theory of value occupies in modern political economy the same position as transubstantiation did in sixteenth century



theology; it is the touchstone of the differences of the age. If one accepts the proposition that all value is created by labor, and that capital is the product of labor, the intellectual and logical foundations of socialism are admitted; if it is denied, and capital is accorded an independent status, then the logical foundations of free enterprise are admitted. King belongs to the latter group.

Along the avenue of religion and psychology, he came to the conclusion that capital and labor, admittedly antagonistic, could be reconciled. He considered that capital and labor fight each other because they lack humility and a sense of community; because they suffer from blindness. "It is what William James calls 'a certain blindness in human beings,' the blindness with which we are all afflicted in regard to the feelings of creatures and peoples different from ourselves." This is King's view.

The problem of antagonism is a problem for the statesman. It is, indeed, his principal function as an agent of the whole community to reconcile and conciliate. This view of the function of a politician underlies King's approach to politics. In dealing with social questions, racial antagonisms, and international questions, he tries to bring people together. The degree of his success is the test of his theory. Is his social theory correct—or is it that blindness is induced by institutions and historical development and not institutions and historical development by blindness?

King was responsible for the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act which established an apparatus for the conciliation of industrial disputes. The Canadian constitution places obstacles in the way of national labor legislation, and the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act is not of general application. King has, not too energetically, spent part of his life endeavoring to lay the basis for the constitutional changes which will make conciliation proceedings dominion wide in most industries. Under war conditions, he approached success in this field.

King's record as a social reformer, apart from his work in labor relations, has not been remarkable. His government has established Old Age Pensions and Family Allowances and Unemployment Insurance. A national health service is in prospect. King makes haste slowly. It may be fairly said, however, that if the Dominion Government has implemented useful social legislation, King started the ball rolling.

King entered Parliament in 1908 as a follower of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He went down to defeat with Laurier in 1911. When World War I came King was engaged in research work in the field of industrial relations under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. During the War he engaged in practical conciliation work for several great corporations in the United States including the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., the Bethlehem Steel Corp., General Electric, International Harvester, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, and the Colorado Iron and Fuel. In all these plants there was serious industrial unrest. King came into the picture not as strikebreaker, but as a man charged by the employers with the responsibility of showing the management how to put labor relations on a civilized basis. King succeeded. John D. Rockefeller once remarked that he owed more to King than he did to any man for his advice on the subject of labor relations. This reputation stood King in good stead politically. In Canada he was especially disliked by certain members of the Canadian Manufacturers Association on account of his interest in labor. When Rockefeller could praise him, who in the Canadian Manufacturers Association could say a word?

On the question of French Canada, King has stuck to his principles. There is no evidence that he admires or

especially dislikes the religion, the social habits or the ideals of French Canadians. He does not attempt to curry favor by speaking their language or attending their church. On one occasion, he declined an invitation to attend a great Catholic celebration in Ottawa. But King has made it plain that he will, under no circumstances, coerce French Canadians. Their life is their own, and they have to correct their own mistakes in their own way just as English-speaking Canadians must do. In World War II, King approached the problem of French Canadian separatism as he had always done. He urged them to support the war. He made it possible for them to participate with dignity. He went a long way in conscripting them for home defence, but he refused to coerce them. When the pressure was stepped up for total conscription for overseas service, King practised a number of neat evasions. He knew that no amount of argument or force can settle the dispute between French and English speaking Canadians. Only time can soften its asperities. In his view the best policy was evasion; it was a policy which yielded the most soldiers. King's approach to conscription was to ask the simple question: is it better to fight Hitler with 85 per cent of the men we could theoretically muster, or is it better to fight Hitler with 40 per cent of our men while the other 45 per cent are coercing the 15 per cent who will not fight? The answer is obvious, but it was not so obvious to partisans in Canadian politics. In any event King was able to delay the issue so that the war was over before the situation exploded.

In the sphere of international politics, King has not played a large role. In 1922, when Lloyd George was attempting to salvage the last remnants of his disastrous attempts to suppress the Turkish Revolution, he issued an appeal to the Dominions to support Britain with men and money in a drive to secure the Middle East. King told the British that the Canadian Parliament would have to answer the appeal. In the mood of the post-war world, this was a flat no.

King has been always very touchy about Canada's legal independence in international affairs and in the conduct of the policies of the British Commonwealth of Nations. He has been called a nationalist, anti-British, and pro-American. He has also been called a British imperialist. All the charges are correct. That is the Canadian position.

The rise of Hitlerism did not provoke in King any quick reaction. After the war began he pointed with pride to the fact that he had viewed with alarm the rise of Hitler and that he had rearmed the Canadian nation. Inasmuch as the Tory government of the years of deep depression had economized the Canadian armed forces out of existence, the fact that King revived them to pre-depression standards can hardly be described as arming Canada for a showdown. A boy that gets 10 per cent in an algebra examination may be five times as bright as the boy who gets 2 per cent, but he still does not understand algebra.

In 1937, King visited Hitler. He says that he warned Hitler that Canada would stand behind Britain. Because Britain was sitting on the fence, this kind of warning does not appear to have greatly impressed the Führer. When the Munich settlement was reached, King was one of Chamberlain's most enthusiastic admirers. The settlement appealed to him because it seemed to conform to his ideas of conciliation, because it seemed to promise peace, and finally because King's grasp of international affairs is imperfect.

Canadians sometimes like to believe that they are the linch-pin of the Anglo-American alliance. This is an affecting notion, but it has very little foundation in fact. Cotter-pin on the spare wheel would be a more accurate description.

There is no clear evidence that King has ever intervened in Anglo-American discussions, either to help or to hinder their progress. Very generally Washington and London confer directly. Canada agrees after the event, provided always that the protocol of independent action is observed. This has been described in this magazine as the "me too" policy.

King does not appear to have been greatly preoccupied, until recently, with Soviet Bolshevism. During the war he addressed a rally organized by friends of Soviet Russia. His curious pronunciation of the word Soviet seemed to indicate that he had seldom, perhaps never, used the word before and had never been in the company of those who do. On the eve of the meeting of the Canadian Parliament in January 1944, Lord Halifax, then British Ambassador in Washington, addressed an audience in Toronto and there advocated the formation of power blocs as a device for maintaining, among other things, peace in the post-war world. King reacted sharply to this, and it appeared at the time as if he were moving towards a policy of Canadian action independent of Britain and the United States. After this demarche, Roosevelt and Churchill paid great attention to King at the second Quebec Conference. It looked as if King was becoming a leader on the highest plane of politics, and that he might emerge as the ultimate in conciliators.

After the close of the war in the Far East, when American-Soviet tension began to grow, some people suggested that King employ his talents as a mediator between the great powers. Letters along this line received only prefatory answers from secretaries. A few months later, the Royal Commission on espionage was established, and the possibility of good Canadian-Soviet relations disappeared. The spy trials and Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri, changed the course of Soviet relations with the west and North America.

The Canadian Spy Trials were the work of a political expert. As a device for the stimulation of anti-Sovietism they have been much more effective than anything along this line devised in the United States. Like the Dreyfus case, the spy trials were concerned only secondarily with state security and primarily with internal and international politics. In the game of politics a gambit like the Dreyfus case, the Zinoviev letter or the Reichstag fire trials is always dangerous in the long run no matter what the short run advantages may be; the fraud is bound to be found out. The author of the spy trials avoided this difficulty because it was possible to involve some persons who indubitably were guilty. The professional political skill which went into the staging and script of the spy drama has prompted the question: was King the author?

It is unlikely. The Venetian complication, the cold malignity, and the gross injustices of the spy trials are not characteristic of King. More conclusively, it looked for a time as if the trials involved not only the communists and the Soviet government but an endeavor to blow up the King government. The report was circulated to the press that King had advised Gouzenko to return to the Soviet Embassy. An attempt was made to involve at least one of King's ministerial colleagues. Most conclusive of all were, perhaps, the furious but futile protests of certain lawyers and at least one Grit newspaper when the bill for "political services" was presented for payment.

When the delegates of the Liberal Party gathered in Ottawa in 1919 to select a new leader in the place of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, King was a dark horse candidate. He has always maintained that he was not a candidate at all, that he solicited no support, made no deals, and

organized no campaign. This is true, but it is known that on Laurier's advice he declined, some months before the Liberal Convention, a very lucrative and honorable appointment outside the field of politics. His only action at the convention was to move a resolution on industrial relations. Speaking in support of the resolution, he said: "The resolution is based on the assumption that human personality is more important than any consideration of property. It is founded on the belief that ethical and human considerations ought to stand above considerations which are purely business or national. It is an expression of the belief that industry exists for the sake of humanity, and not humanity for the sake of industry."

In 1919 this was great stuff. On the third ballot, William Lyon Mackenzie King was elected leader of the Liberal Party.

When one considers his record his election is not as surprising now as it was then. He conformed in no way to the conventional ideas of a great political leader. He lacked the dramatic, warm personality which had been Laurier's greatest asset. "The only figures Sir Wilfrid Laurier ever understood," it was said, "were figures of speech." With King it is the other way round. King had demonstrated a firm grasp of the major problem of industrial relations. He had shown he could both expose sweat shop conditions and suppress the IWW. The Canadian Manufacturers Association disliked him, but he had the confidence of business men much greater than they, the princes of American finance. He had supported the World War and had contributed to victory—he walked in no anti-militarist picket line—but he had gone down to defeat and suffered scorn and contempt while remaining faithful to his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The province of Quebec could never forget this. He was the descendant of William Lyon Mackenzie, the original of the Liberal clan. He had written a book. In Canada, this set him apart as a man of mysterious powers. When the voting started King had everything necessary for victory. He proved later that he could win in the large arena as easily as he won in the convention hall.

King is an exemplary middle-class politician. He stands between the extremes. Philosophically and religiously he is eclectic. Early in life he established himself as a leader of, but not a member of, the working class. He established himself, too, as an adviser of, but not a member of, the employing class. He has claimed that he represents the community, and works for the community. This is the theory of the divine right of the middle class. That theory is sharply under attack. Is the theory strongly enough rooted in fact? Have the believers in the theory the technique to rule? A study of Mackenzie King's life and ideas in relation to his times may provide the answer.

THE END

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# Canada: To Be or Not to Be

## David Conde

► TO RETURN TO CANADA after twenty-five years absence is to go back to a past where apparently little change has taken place but where actually a fundamental alteration has occurred in the thinking of the average Canadian. True, the roads today are better, the store-fronts in the smallest towns are modernized in shining chrome, and movie palaces dot the land, yet, according to a private poll, many Canadians either desire to migrate to the United States or wish some kind of economic merger or political union between the two countries. If this appraisal is accurate it reflects a deep dissatisfaction with things as they are.

Canadians have never been indoctrinated in "patriotism" in the mechanical fashion so common in many sections of the United States, nor has the flag-saluting ritual ever been imposed to the same extent on the school children of the Dominion. Yet, after years of sneering at Americans for their braggadocio (a trait they do possess, with some degree of justification) Canadians are now challenging the "Yank" for the dubious title of champion braggart of the earth.

Some of the boasts are aged and weather-beaten yet they still sustain a national ego that refuses to face reality. "Peterborough has the largest hydraulic lift-lock in the world"—in a canal that was never completed and in a waterway that is seldom used. "Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone when he lived in Brantford"—but he went to the United States to perfect and promote it and make it a common household utility. "Canada is a larger country than the U.S.A."—but a greater part of its area is relatively uninhabitable. After a century of repetition one still hears of the "untouched wealth" of the Northern hinterland and the "tremendous" natural resources of Canada—but it is seldom added that to a large extent the forests and minerals have come under American ownership, sometimes long-held for future U.S. needs.

It has often been claimed that there is a Canadian "culture" which combines the best in the British and American heritage—but one sees only the flood of movies, comics, magazines, books, music, radio and news dispatches from the United States, plus American baseball, all subverting the enfeebled Canadian nationalism, starving and stifling Canadian artists and hastening the Americanization of the Dominion.

Canadians look down their collective noses at the American educational system, feeling that Uncle Sam's children are much more ignorant than they. "We know much more about the United States than Americans do about Canada," they say, apparently unaware that Americans do not spend their leisure attending Canadian motion pictures and reading Canadian magazines. And then they repeat that apocryphal tale of the American who came to Canada in the summertime, supposedly with skis fastened to the roof of his automobile, asking "Which way do I go to find the snow?"

Canadians, many of whom seem to prefer life in Florida or California, would never make such a blunder. They know better. They *have* read American magazines and *have* seen American movies. Yet they never attempt to reconcile their low opinion of the U.S. school system with their high regard of its by-product, American science.

Another nation-wide boast is the attempt to take credit for the achievements of ex-Canadians who have made their mark in foreign lands; the Pickfords, Durbins, Hustons and Beaverbrooks. "Canadian promoted in U.S.," says a press

story, unconcerned at the exodus of youth fleeing the country in order to secure such an opportunity. Newspapers, dependent upon advertising from American-owned concerns, do not point out an obvious solution.

There is also boasting of the magnitude of "Canadian" industry and the importance of "Dominion" exports in the world economy. It is seldom explained that most of Canada's industrial production is of American design, produced in American-owned factories, and that Canada but plays the part of a national sweat-shop furnishing cheaper-than-American-labor so that U.S. concerns can penetrate more competitive markets. In the past "Made in Canada" was an alias used by American companies to gain admittance to British Empire trading areas.

Today, American finance and industry dominate Canada's economic and apparently its political life as well. The oil of Alberta, the cobalt and nickel of Ontario, the bauxite and titanium of Quebec and the forests of the several provinces, have made few fortunes for Canadians. Instead, these riches have become the property of giant American trusts who "give jobs" to Canadians at sub-standard wages, preparing these resources for export. (One Canadian has said this is like a burglar who offers a cigarette to the owner, after asking him to lend a hand to crate the owner's piano for removal.)

Finally, there is that gem culled from the folklore of stupidity, the oft-repeated reference to "2,500 miles of undefended frontier between Canada and the U.S.A." This remark, delivered pompously on all occasions by aspiring Canadian politicians (it is seldom mentioned in the United States) seems to mean something yet actually it is only loaded with deceit.

The Mexican-U.S. boundary is just as "undefended" as that separating Canada and its Southern neighbor and for exactly the same reason. An elephant does not arm itself against fleas nor does the United States erect Maginot Lines to "protect" itself from these weaker nations. The thought of Canada or Mexico defending themselves against the overwhelming strength of the U.S.A. is inconceivable. If Canada and the U.S. were nearly equal in population and industrial strength and if Canada had a genuinely independent foreign policy, then the cliché about "2,500 miles of undefended frontier" would have some significance. In reality, this only serves to befog the whole question of Canadian nationality and Canada's relative strength.

Britishers and Canadians repelled an unofficial American invasion a century ago but that should not give today's Canadian youth visions of martial grandeur. At no time in modern history has Canada taken any action which menaced United States commercial or other interests. Now, when dominion diplomats speak of a "Canadian" foreign policy they appear to be engaging in dubious double-talk, particularly when the American "pipe-line" connecting Washington and Ottawa looms in "Big Inch" proportions. A cynical Canadian newspaperman said "the voice of Canada in World Conferences has become but another accent of the skilled ventriloquist, Uncle Sam."

Yet Canada does have national interests which should be defended. On the international scene Canada is again menaced by a resurgent Japan and Germany, both creations of present American policy. Published reports of the Australian, MacMahon Ball, former British member of the four-power Allied Council in Tokyo, regarding the menace of a "democratized" Japan, should give Canadians serious concern for future peace in the Pacific; while the actions of the French Right, Centre and Left, regarding the American policy re-establishing a strong Germany, should serve



as a storm warning from Europe. But to attempt to protect the Dominion from these historic troublemakers means breaking with the American fixation known as the "Truman Doctrine." The courage required for this action cannot be seen on the political horizon, bringing as it would curtailment of "Marshall Plan dollars" and other economic pressures.

Domestically, Canada is threatened by American cultural aggression and unless the Americanization process is halted, Canadians will shortly lose their heritage. Some day a plebiscite, based on the dubious Newfoundland "confederation" poll precedent, may be taken, incorporating Canada into the United States and officially moving the American frontier to the North Pole.

In the above-mentioned recent "confederation" election held in Newfoundland, protests against American interference in the campaigning were reported by the Canadian Press agency. This seemed to merit no surprise and the news item was buried in the back pages of the newspapers. Certainly there was no diplomatic protest made to Washington from Ottawa or London nor was there even a demand for a Parliamentary enquiry. Instead, government officials and the press urge Canadians to cultivate the American tourist so that he will spend his precious dollars in Canada. This "Dear American Visitor" approach to the problem of exchange disparity is one that contributes to a national inferiority complex, leaving an indelible mark on the spirit of a once proud people. It is readily observable that even the police attitude toward the "friendly invader" is more tolerant than toward his fellow-citizen.

But the picture is not altogether dark. Reform movements so different as Social Credit and the CCF gain increasing support as they attempt to find an answer to the question, "Why does Canada have such a low standard of living when it has such tremendous production per capita?" Even Quebec, whose low living standard has attracted such a large proportion of industry, cannot be expected to escape this ground-swell of liberalism. Certainly the government action in authorizing the export of beef to the U.S.A., causing an increase in meat prices to Canadians and a decrease to Americans, will not pass unnoticed.

Obviously there is the basis for a complete political movement built around a program of firmness to the United States and domestic reform. If such a movement pledged to make the Canadian standard of living equal to or higher than that of the U.S., promising to secure this through negotiating a larger share of American imports, plus higher taxes on American-owned corporations and products, a severance tax on the removal of all natural resources, and compelling all foreign and domestic logging concerns to plant two trees for each one they cut down, such a party would no doubt have a broad popular appeal. This seems assured by the fact that such a small percentage of "Canadian" industry is owned by Canadians.

If such a reversal in trend should take place it could be expected that news-stands, bookstores and theatres would no longer be filled with culture "Made in U.S.A.," but instead, all the art forms would be expressing Canada and its aspirations and Canadians would demonstrate they had rediscovered themselves as a nation.

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## O CANADA

Senator R. Byron Horner, Blaine Lake, Tuesday condemned the legalizing of the manufacture and sale of margarine in Canada. He said that talk about the poor not being able to afford to buy butter was nonsense, even those on relief can afford it at a dollar a pound. He continued, "I am suspicious that those who decided in favor of it may have been influenced politically." (Regina Leader)

Sir,—Would a Federal Conservative government abolish the obnoxious tax imposed in the form of radio licenses? This annual \$2.50 impost is an outrage maintained only to finance a bloated bureaucracy which has been permitted to establish itself under the wing of the CBC. Ne'er-do-well so-called dramatists and other non-productive members of society are being subsidized by this iniquitous assessment which is being wrung from an indignant public through use of spies and informers. Let Ottawa beware! Great upheavals have resulted from causes just as trivial. Remember the Stamp Act.

(Letter to the editor, The Toronto Evening Telegram)

These are among the prizes offered by Vancouver Board of Trade to its members in the get-out-the-vote campaign this year: Two copies of Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom"; five copies of Hayek's "The Road to Serfdom"; two copies of "Planned Chaos."

(Vancouver Sun)

George Drew, leader of the Progressive Conservative party, in speaking at Halifax recently, urged that prejudice and hate should be banished from politics.

(Sydney Post-Record)

SERMON ON STEALING DOESN'T HALT THUGS

(Headline, Toronto Daily Star)

Actually prices were bound to rise and should have risen after the war to do away with maladjustments resulting from years of control and for the sake of the people themselves . . . Everything in Canada is now being sold at some price. While that goes on, prices are not too high. (Wellington Jeffers, in The Globe and Mail)

Montreal, Dec. 17 (CP)—Latest support for Mr. Desy came from Gui Caron, provincial leader of the Labor-Progressive Party. In a circular issued last night Mr. Caron said: "The desire for a Canadian republic is a democratic and progressive idea, but a republic alone cannot guarantee peace. The St. Laurent Government sends arms abroad, produces planes and tanks, participates in the production of the atomic bomb, builds air aid army bases, admits American troops to our territory, is on the verge of entering a military alliance and is preparing to impose conscription."

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to Mrs. W. K. Bryden, Regina, Sask. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

## On the Air

Allan Sangster

►THE CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION provides, beyond question, the largest single market in this country for the writer of dramatic and short fictional pieces. Annually the Corporation's producing units consume some seventy-five one-hour dramas, of which about sixty per cent are originals, the rest adaptations; upwards of two hundred plays of half-hour length, most of which are originals; and more than three hundred short stories. Most important to the writer, and to the development of writing in the country, is the fact that most of this work is by, and in the story field is limited to, writers resident in Canada or of Canadian citizenship.

By comparison, the market offered by Canada's so-called "national" magazine (perhaps seventy-five stories annually) or by the largest weekly newspaper (about one hundred and fifty stories a year) is almost negligible. The difference is emphasized when one realizes that the CBC, unlike the publishers, prefers Canadian writing, and that ninety per cent of all scripts which are produced in its studios are also written in this country. It is a safe guess that not a fifth of the fictional pieces printed by Canadian magazines are of Canadian origin, and the experience of Canadian writers

has been so bitter that an axiom among them is that the native writer enters Canadian editorial offices with at least two and a half strikes against him. Certainly the average magazine editor in this country, confronted by two similar pieces of the kind of tripe which he favors, seems to buy the one sent in by the New York agent and to reject the one from the local boy or girl trying to make good. Happily, the CBC sedulously avoids this practice of condemning the local product out of hand.

Happily, too, from the writer's viewpoint, as well as from the viewpoint of everyone interested in fostering good writing in this country, the CBC has shown a tolerance, a broadness of outlook, a willingness to let its writers experiment, to try the think-piece and the off-trail story or play, a general catholicity of taste which, set beside the narrow, outmoded, intolerant standards of magazine editors and publishers, is both heartening and amazing.

In its own field, too, the CBC's attitude stands up well. For comparison with the rigid codes and inviolable taboos of the American networks, the Corporation's position may be stated very simply. It has no inflexible code. If you write a good script, the Corporation says in effect, it will be considered on its merits, and will not be refused merely because its theme or subject is one which is ordinarily considered unacceptable, such as disease or incest. Thus CBC microphones are open both to contemporary originals and to adaptations from literary classics which are automatically barred from the American air.

It might be noted that this free and enlightened attitude flourishes somewhat more vigorously in the Drama Department than it does in the Department of Talks and Public Affairs, which supervises the Corporation's two short-story programmes. One story, for example, was rejected by this department on the exceedingly peculiar grounds that it was "too good, too realistic, and too macabre for radio." It should be mentioned, perhaps, that this story did not violate any of the usual taboos or even transgress any of the accepted canons of good taste. Anyway, the point is that there should not be, in the minds of any radio authority, any such thing as a story that is "too good" for radio.

Having established, then, that the CBC does provide a large and assorted market for writers, it may be interesting to see how the Corporation treats these workers financially. In a word, badly. High fee for a one-hour Stage Forty-Nine script, or for an hour of Wednesday Night drama, is three hundred dollars. The basic rate is two hundred, and this scale applies both to originals and to adaptations. It is interesting to note that the old reliables—Sinclair, Peterson, Tweed, and King, for example—not only provide most of the scripts but also receive the higher rates. This may seem hard on the new or "one-shot" writers, and it is, but the drama department justifies its policy in this way: we must maintain a dependable corps of writers, and since we cannot pay them adequate fees, we pay them the best we can—as often as we can.

The situation as seen from the other side of the fence is well expressed by one of the most distinguished of this semi-permanent corps of writers: "As much work goes into the preparation of a one-hour radio drama as into a three-act play . . . This work divides itself, with me, at least, into three phases—observation; reflection, and contemplation; and the actual time spent putting down the words which the first two phases have made possible. In the case of an original script, which may take two to six months to prepare, the fee pays, on any adequate scale, only for the time required by the third phase. The other two phases,

which are more important and take longer, must be done on our own time."

The writer of short stories for radio finds himself in even worse plight. For reasons which are perhaps not very clear to its executives, and which they have certainly never bothered to explain, the Corporation persists in limiting its story periods to fifteen minutes. This means that the stories must run from two thousand to, at the very most, twenty-five hundred words. This length, so far as any other market is concerned, is neither flesh, fish, fowl, nor good red herring. It might be called a long short-short, but whatever you call it, it is anathema to the magazines. So the writer must tailor his goods especially for radio, and within narrow limits, and when he has made his twenty-two hundred word story, provided it be neither "too good, too realistic, nor too macabre" the Corporation will pay him a flat fee of thirty-five dollars, or one point six cents per word, and this for fifteen minutes of program material which goes to the whole Trans-Canada Network, and whose production costs, by comparison with dramatic production costs, are piffling. No sliding scale, no higher fee for regulars, no bonus for the especially good story, no future in it. It is possible for the competent and prolific writer, working hard and long, to make a living on the scale of, say, a bricklayer's apprentice by writing radio drama for the CBC; it is not possible for a worker of equal ability and industry to make a living, except on the scale of a frequently unemployed shop-girl, by writing radio short stories.

It is slightly more difficult to write a twenty-two hundred word radio story (at thirty-five dollars) than to write a standard four-to-six-thousand word magazine story for which, even in Canada, one has a fair chance of receiving two to four hundred. Thus, if the CBC has any hope or intention of being fair to Canadian writers, it should pay for stories at the same rate as for its better plays, which would mean fifty to seventy-five dollars per story. This, it might be noted, would bring its rate per word into line with that offered by the better American pulp and confession magazines.

Next month I hope to present some discussion of editorial standards in this field.

## Janice and the White Mouse

Robert Fontaine

(SHORT STORY)

► WHEN SHE WAS a small, shy blonde girl in high school her friends had called her Mouse. They were rather fond of her in spite of her tendency to accept any authority and obey any command. She was kind, they said, and thoughtful and perhaps her willing deference was a reaction from her own home life where a grim and sharp-chinned mother completely dominated her.

It was startling, consequently, when Janice married Jack Farnsworth, a strong, handsome, and rather brutal ex-football star.

What Janice's appeal had been, the town-people could only guess. In general they agreed that Jack found even more strength in comparison with his slim and fragile wife. And then Janice's willingness to be bossed around fed his ego, which (now that he was no longer an object of cheers and admiration), found it difficult to adjust to the position of a clerk in a haberdashery.

After a while the talk died down and Janice and Jack were forgotten except by a few immediate neighbors who

really couldn't help hearing their quarrels. Not that they could be called quarrels. All that was heard was Jack's continuous bellowing.

In time Jack and Janice stopped going anywhere. They weren't invited, for one thing, mostly because any gathering they attended inevitably became the scene of sharp words and an unpleasant, uneasy bickering.

Not that Jack cared, particularly. He was contented to come home and "be waited on hand and foot," as Mrs. Pervis next door explained it to the Jenkins across the street.

One evening, rather out of sorts, Jack returned home a bit earlier than usual and called loudly: "Janice!" He threw his expensive felt hat across the divan and flung his topcoat on top of it. She came slowly into the living-room.

"Oh," Jack said, slumping heavily into an arm-chair. "I thought you were out. You know I don't want you out when I come home."

"Please let's not start that again," Janice asked quietly. "I was next door because Mrs. Pervis was sick yesterday."

"Well, *don't* be next door. Here is where you belong!"

He banged his fist on the table so that the vase with the roses shook. "Where did you get the roses? Who sent you roses?"

"Who would send me roses?" It would be hard to know whether her rhetorical question was addressed to Jack or God.

"That's what I want to know!"

"A man came selling them. A crippled man. The roses have broken stems. The florists give them to the crippled man and ..."

"I give good money to the Community Chest. We can't support everyone else."

"Yes, Jack." A tear formed in the corner of her eye and it annoyed her husband. "You're not going to cry again? I'll give you something to cry for. I work all day until my head aches and I come home and what do I get? Tears and arguments. You've got a good home, haven't you? Plenty to eat? A good husband? But all you think about are movies and sick neighbors and flowers."

"Well, a woman has to have *something* ..."

"Oh, shut up," Jack exclaimed. "Yap, yap, yap."

Janice stood there quietly a moment. "Jack," she said softly, at length.

"Now what? Golly, Janice, I hate bickering all the time. It would be so nice and peaceful and homey if you'd only learn to do what you're told."

"Jack," Janice went on, as if she had not heard him, her face glowing and her eyes obtaining a new brightness. "The crippled man said they had tried to cage him but he hadn't let them. He had almost let them, but not quite."

"What the devil does *that* mean?" Jack asked, irritated.

"He said when he was first hurt everyone gave him money and tried to make him comfortable. But they all wanted him to be sweet and grateful. But he wasn't sweet and grateful at all. He said it wasn't his fault he was crippled and he wasn't thankful for being wrapped up in cotton. He said he had just as much right to be cranky and mean sometimes as any normal person. Anyway, no matter how comfortable he was, he said, there was a bird in his heart that wanted to fly. Even if only a little bit. So he went away from everybody and begged for a while. Oh, well ... he had too. Then he found these florists. They were throwing away flowers with broken stems. So the crippled man arranged to get them and he wires them up in bunches and sells them and ..."

Jack looked at her with profound annoyance. "Has old lady Pervis been giving you her dandelion wine?"

"Of course not."

"Then for Heaven's sake get dinner! There's no bird in your heart. There's a mouse."

He slumped back into his chair and shut his eyes. When he opened them a moment later, Janice was still standing there, dreaming.

"I said, get dinner," he insisted sharply.

Janice went out of the room and Jack picked up the paper and read the sport pages and the comics. He dozed off with the paper over his face and when he woke up it was late evening. He looked around, startled at the lack of food on the table.

He blinked his eyes, stunned for a moment. A note lay on the table and he picked it up. It read, simply: "Get your own dinner."

"Janice!" he shouted. "Janice!" He banged hard on the table and shouted again. Then he crumpled the paper into a ball and tore it to tiny fragments as though some fear told him that someday someone might see it and he would be shamed.

I'll really beat her this time, he thought, furiously. The ungrateful little ... why did I have to marry a woman like that? I could have married a rich girl and I have ...

He stopped and pounded the table again, crying: "Janice! Janice! Janice!" as if the thunder of his voice might roll around the world after her.

Almost exhausted by shouting, he sat down in the chair and lit his pipe. She'll be home, sooner or later, he thought, then I'll fix her, for good!

By midnight there was no sign of her. He called Mrs. Pervis, much as he hated to. Mrs. Pervis had not seen her. He put on his coat and went walking downstreet. He went all over town, in and out of hotel lobbies, railroad and bus terminals, drug stores, even bars. She was nowhere.

He went home grimly and to bed. In the morning, after a night of feverish dreaming, he awakened and waited for Janice to bring him his coffee until, suddenly, like a twinge of rheumatic pain, he remembered she had gone the night before and was probably not back.

Once again he shouted and pounded the walls and stamped his feet but no Janice appeared. He dressed swiftly and furtively, with the shades down, as if some evil surrounded him that could be seen by strangers.

Then he began methodically locking all the closets and all the drawers of bureaus. In the midst of this curious occupation he stopped and sat down on the bed. He felt his head with his hand and his head was hot.

"Why am I locking all these things?" he said half-aloud.

It was as if something were hidden that he did not want to be found, something mysterious and without a name. He tried to grin and he went back and unlocked all the things he had locked.

The ringing of the doorbell startled him. He flew down the stairs and weaved toward the door, flinging it open: standing there was a small man, built like a bird and with the happy twitter of a sparrow. "Hello. I'm Pervis. Next door. Real estate. Heard a lot of noise. Wondered if your wife was beating you. Haha!"

Jack slammed the door angrily in his face and went back to finish dressing.

He did not work all day. He walked the streets until his eyes were hot and jumpy and his feet ached. Every now and then he would sit at a bar with a glass of beer and imagine all the horrible painful ways he would teach his wife a lesson when she came back.

After a week of wandering he went back to work, a strange, silent brooding man who was suspicious of every move of his fellow clerks.

In a month of living inside a shell of fear and anger and frustration, his boss called him in and said: "Jack, you've



been with us some time. You're a steady man. A good man. But lately you seem ill. Why don't you take a few months off?"

Jack rubbed his hands over his eyes. The boss seemed to be growing smaller and smaller and then suddenly his face would grow into an enormous balloon, only to recede again.

"Yes, yes, maybe," Jack muttered.

"What seems to be the trouble, Jack? You're married, aren't you? Got a home? A nice wife..."

The face of the boss in the distance turned into the face of Janice and then disappeared. A sudden scarlet flame leapt into Jack's mind and he began pounding on the boss's desk and screaming: "Janice! Janice! Come back or I'll kill you! I swear it!"

Several weeks later, the doctor said Jack was all right. He was just suffering from a mild shock. Jack shook hands with Doctor Ferguson and said goodbye.

"Just take it easy," the doctor said. "Try to figure things out. Maybe you were a little harsh with your wife. Find her. Tell her you're sorry. It's that business of forgetting the ego... of becoming absorbed in other people's pain that cures our sick psyches."

Jack turned up his coat collar and went and sat in the park. Most of his small savings were now gone and when night came he simply curled up on a bench and went to sleep. One day merged with the next and it was hard to remember what day it was or what had happened on each day. But all through the hours he was searching through the streets for Janice.

After a while he found himself near his old home and he stood in front of it a long time, not quite being able to bear the thought of going in.

With a sudden effort he rattled the key in the hole and clumsily opened the door. The house smelled dusty and dry. Mrs. Pervis or somebody had shut the windows.

He roamed about the house calling: "Janice!" in a feeble, cracked voice which only now and then rose to its former strength.

In the hallway he noticed a bill for the rent. He tore it into small fragments and scattered them about wildly. It reminded him that there was still a little balance in the bank. Slamming the door, he raced down the street to the bank.

With his few dollars in his pocket he walked aimlessly toward a bar. Suddenly he noticed a pet shop and a strange idea formed in his mind with great conviction.

"How much for the white mouse? The one in the cage?"

"Five dollars."

"Five dollars? O.K."

"Her name is Charlotte," the dealer said. "A real lady. She dances, even."

Jack went poking at the cage with one finger as he looked for his wallet.

"I wouldn't do that," the dealer warned.

"You mean they bite?"

"Even a mouse'll bite if you get her sore enough," the dealer said solemnly.

Jack paid the five dollars and took the mouse home. He put the cage on his bed when he went to bed. He lay there with wide, wildly laughing eyes and kept saying: "Hello, Janice. How do you like your new home? Huh, Janice? A nice, warm home, eh? I'll have to get you some flowers, though, won't I?"

Then he would slam at the cage with his hand and the mouse would jump, frightened, and gnaw viciously at the bars.

Suddenly Jack stopped smiling and he began poking at the mouse with his finger, pushing her into a corner.

Abruptly, the cornered mouse bit savagely at Jack's finger. Jack howled with pain and began jumping up and down, finally knocking the cage off the bed. The door fell unlatched and the mouse ran swiftly down the stairs.

Jack raced after her, calling: "Janice! Janice! Come back!" He looked all over the living-room and the hall and then went to the front door. He opened it a bit and a streak of white went past him.

"Janice!" he shouted. "Janice!" He ran through the night in his bathrobe and pyjamas shouting: "Janice!" until a policeman stopped him.

"What's the trouble, chum?"

Jack tried to wrench loose. "Don't stop me. She'll get away."

"Who'll get away, chum?"

"My wife. She ran away. She just went by. Didn't you see her?"

The policeman narrowed his eyes. "I didn't see a soul. What does she look like?"

Jack rubbed his face thoughtfully for a moment. "White," he said solemnly. "White fur. A small white face with a red nose. A short tail. She's about four inches long. I had her in a cage and she bit me."

The officer smiled wearily, taking Jack's arm.

"Eats cheese, no doubt."

Jack thought a moment. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't feed her."

The officer reached for the blue police box and the phone. "You should always feed them," he said. "Then they won't run away. But we'll fix everything up, we will. Just you wait and see."

## Film Review

### D. Mosdell

► NOBODY, I suppose, will ever produce a definitive and completely satisfying version of *Hamlet*; the play itself is so subtle and various, and the impact of so many of the speeches so intensely personal and intimate by now to so many people that there are almost as many interpretations as there are readers and audiences. Olivier's movie version has received a good deal of adverse criticism: Polonius speaks too slowly, Ophelia cries like a child bereft of a doll, Walton's music is undistinguished, Olivier's *Hamlet* is too forthright and unsubtle, the wrong soliloquies were included or excluded, and so on. It seems to me, however, that Olivier's *Hamlet* is a remarkably fine piece of cinema-making, and that his interpretation of *Hamlet* and his direction of the other players deserves to be considered as seriously as any of the great stage productions of the past. Twice, and only twice, was a really jarring note struck: the first, in showing Ophelia launched to her death in the river, and the second, in having the Frenchified fop Osric tumble backwards downstairs, slapstick-fashion, toward the end of the play. These incidents seemed to me to be absolute errors in taste; to commit only two such in a production of this length and magnitude is an extremely good record. There were, of course, other things which produced certain dissatisfactions: the "Alas, poor Yorick" speech lacked the overtones of high seriousness usually associated with it; the "Give me that man That is not passion's slave" speech had more of weariness than conviction in it, and lessened the general tension instead of contributing to it; but these objections are relative, not absolute, and should rank less as criticisms than as slight differences of individual opinion.

On the positive side, this reviewer was delighted by *Hamlet's* advice to the players, by the gravedigger's scene

(it was all his), and by the interpretation of Gertrude's role which elevated her from a dullish slut to the Queen who, realizing her state of damnation, recognizes and accepts the poisoned cup meant for Hamlet. The castle itself, I think, owed a good deal to Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible*; the long winding corridors and slanted stone staircases were like the labyrinthine ways of Hamlet's mind; there were hints, too, of the horrid dream world of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, and a faint echo of Kafka's *Castle*. It would, however, be a mistake to overemphasize the evocative aspects of this production; Olivier obviously intended to avoid a too cerebral interpretation of the play, and to present Hamlet as a completely sane man, normally puzzled and reluctant to act in a situation which taxed his ingenuity and affronted his sense of honor and human dignity. It would perhaps have been better, in this connection, to include the final scene with the entrance of Fortinbras "and others," which would have given Hamlet himself, and the play, roots in a society beyond the immediate confines of Elsinore and the mind-castle; it would also have disposed of the practical difficulty, so to speak, of what they intended to do with Hamlet's body when they reached the high ramparts—a question which has nagged at my mind ever since I left the theatre. These are, however, minor criticisms, and intended as such, of an essentially fine movie and a thoroughly respectable presentation of a difficult play.

We should not, I feel, go on about *Hamlet* after the manner of those critics who informed *New Liberty* that *Henry V* was the best movie of all time; early in the new year we should be privileged to see the Danish film *Day of Wrath*, which is as good as either of Olivier's films; and we have already seen *Les Enfants du Paradis* this year, which takes, surely, a position between *Henry V* and *Hamlet*. These are all fine productions, and indicate that slowly but none too surely the cinema is approaching adulthood.

## Recordings

Milton Wilson

► TWO HAYDN SYMPHONIES are among Victor's recent releases. Toscanini performs *No. 98 in B Flat* with the N.B.C. Symphony and Koussevitsky *No. 94 (The Surprise)* with the Boston Symphony. It is perhaps unfair to compare Toscanini and Koussevitsky on the basis of their performances of Haydn, since 18th century symphonic music is not the latter's forte, but we can at least note the differences without drawing any broad conclusions.

Toscanini's performance is fresh and vital. Each phrase seems to have been newly created just as it occurs. To listen to Koussevitsky perform Haydn after Toscanini is to be continually imagining how much livelier and fresher many phrases and sequences of phrases, such as the trio of the minuet in the "*Surprise*" Symphony, could sound. When Haydn is at his wittiest and most inventive, one longs for something more than Koussevitsky's mere control of his medium.

Koussevitsky's dynamic range and his emphasis or drive is far more sober here than Toscanini's, although both are using a big orchestra and working for large-scale effects. If only Toscanini would reduce the scale of his performance without reducing any of the life and freshness in his phrasing, the result would be even more impressive for me, and uninspiring as I found some of Koussevitsky's performance, its more restricted sound was from one point of view a relief. Both performances are well-recorded, the brilliance and clarity of the Toscanini recording being especially exciting.

Another new Toscanini recording by Victor is the Mozart "*Hafner*" Symphony, which replaces a much earlier performance by the same conductor with the New York Philharmonic. There is a difference of about twenty years between the two sets, and playing them over in succession is quite instructive. One realizes how much less freedom of variation Toscanini allows himself today than in the old days. Slight changes of speed within movements have been ruthlessly trimmed, but the basic pace of the second and third movements has been increased. Surprisingly fast paces are one of Toscanini's distinguishing marks (as in the slow movement of the Schubert *C major Symphony*), just as the opposite is true of Beecham, and from this evidence one might suppose the tendency to be increasing.

Unfortunately the differences in recording make a comparison of the effectiveness of the two performances difficult. The old set has a limited range, and one cannot be sure whether the relative absence of Toscanini's characteristic rhythmic emphasis on the tympani is real or imaginary. On the other hand, the new set has a dead, harsh recorded sound, so that my impression of the greater attractiveness of the earlier performance may be as much caused by the inhuman quality of the recent recording as by an excessive ruthlessness in the performance itself. At any rate, if I possessed the old New York Philharmonic set, I would certainly hesitate before consigning it to the ashpile for the sake of Victor's replacement.

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## New Year View

Now, in winter weather, the snow regains  
The white world; the twisted reasons  
Of man, fill the alternating rations  
Of nations, politics, and seasons.

What has frozen, is locked in acts  
Of signatures, in sunless portfolios;  
Made the emblems of this century—  
Race, guns, pacts, and studios.

In white devastations, old Europe  
Amid chimneys, bones and ruins, succumbs;  
Waiting for signatures to the sun,  
Man, industry, and kingdom come.

Harry Roskolenko

## Billy Goat Beach

Half in fear and half in death  
I draw again the subtle breath  
Futility reserves for me.  
Half in mockery breaks the sea.

Death refuses, life won't touch  
The breath I emphasize as such.  
Half in anger, half in shame  
The sun lies blind upon my name.

Faith's a half way suicide,  
A tricky, half safe, one way ride.  
So with skeptic's breath I shift  
Under the load I can not lift.

John Porter Heymann

## The Dear Old Common Man

Who was it who howled give us Barabbas?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Who is it who puts on fancy shirts and cheers dictators?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Who loves democracy so much he can't be bothered to vote?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Who is it who bootlicks, betrays his friends, is lazy, dishonest and superficial?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Who is it who pats his own back every time he makes a  
handout to waging world peace—and every time he chisels  
his neighbor successfully?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Who is the twelve-year-old for whom our advertisements are  
designed?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Who is it who is only held back by fear of the cops and  
the neighbors from committing most crimes in the New-  
gate and social calendar?  
The dear old Common Man.  
Then why do I stand at attention, hat in hand and swallow-  
ing lumps each time some old goat bleats a blurb about  
the Common Man?  
O.K. . . . O.K. I am not a dear old Common Woman  
anyhow.

J. L. Smallwood

## Lullaby

I weave the winter moon, the pearl of night  
Down the long lariat of sleep, I rock  
The winter moon, my child, the living.

Still-bright the fields, mauve-streaked the snow,  
Sentinel elm, cross-twisted pine, the dried apple  
Nourish the blade of spring, fan the green centre  
For the silver time and the growing when the earth quakes,  
The snow becomes lace and streams,  
And the days are dreamless, sharp and moist, awaking.

But now that the earth is hard and scarfed in ice,  
I weave the winter moon, the pearl, the glistening,  
Down the long lariat of sleep, I rock  
The winter moon, my seed, the living.

F. Zieman

## Ballade Upon an Antique Ejaculation

Sun, you may set! What do I want with you?  
I quite admit I used to think you bright;  
but now new brightness has so filled my view  
you no more dazzle me than candlelight,  
or the blurred cat's-eyes of the upper night.  
Perhaps as some third-water star you'd do—  
(until you were replaced by someone new)  
but as a sun: begone, sir, from our sight!  
What good is one poor solitary sun?  
My love's eyes shine like two of you! Begone!

You cherries, and your snow-flake blossoms, who  
some dim-eyed fools still think a pretty sight—  
is all your pulped crimson not in two  
of my love's lips; your blossoms—are they white  
as her two blossomed breasts? And you, dark night,  
can you confound as her dark tresses do?  
Begone! My love is nature all anew!  
If thrice three thousand poets were to write  
nine thousand years of her, they'd not be done!  
Nature and Poetry—begone! Begone!

What then of Sculpture, and of Painting, too?  
My love is slim as any marble sprite.  
What sweet dawn-lover could arrest the dew  
that makes her eyes' young melancholy bright?  
Is there a Michelangelo who might  
mold her strong purity? Who ever drew  
lines singing as her breasts? Is there a new  
sun-fevered Turner who could paint the light  
that floods my soul on seeing her? Oh! — one  
in millions could not do it! Art! Begone!

Painting and Sculpture, Nature, Verse, adieu!  
I do not need your ineffectual light  
to flicker on mortality—and you,  
mortality yourself, are useless quite!  
For lo! the goal I struggled for is won!  
Let all the world, except my love, begone!

Norman Newton.



## TURNING NEW LEAVES

► WHEN, SIXTEEN YEARS AGO, Aldous Huxley described in his most brilliant satire the future that awaited mankind when technology and the mass state took command, the world giggled nervously and hoped he was wrong. Even H. G. Wells called *Brave New World* "an alarmist fantasy," and counselled us not to despair. But that was before Wells gave up the human race as a tragic failure. He was himself capable of drawing a grisly picture of atomic war after which great industrial areas were to be roped off as no longer habitable, but he concluded that the shape of things to come was not fundamentally desperate: a proper use of technical knowledge and humane planning could, he thought, rescue us after the eleventh hour. There is no such consolation in Huxley's latest nightmare of the future, *Ape and Essence*\*. In this horrifying vision, the deep-seated misanthropy and pessimism of Huxley exclude every hope except the rather mystical compensation, derived from Eastern mysticism and Shelley, that a few regenerate souls may at length be merged into the Eternal One.

But it is instructive to note how much our prospects have narrowed in less than two decades, how much we have been compelled to accept. The prophets of the pacifist thirties foretold the horrors of aerial bombing and the tyranny of the emergent mass state, but they did not rule out restrained optimism. Today, we have almost become resigned to the probability that there is no escape from industrial civilization and mass culture; in fact, they have become the least of our worries, for other spectres are upon us. Atomic explosives, far more lethal than our imaginations had conceived, bacteriological and chemical weapons of devilish ingenuity, have become a living dread, and, as if our cup of bitterness were not full enough, we have discovered with alarming suddenness that Malthus was right, that world population has actually begun to outstrip food supply. Technological cleverness, divorced from moral principle, has accelerated the spoliation of earth's natural wealth, has upset the balance of Nature, and threatened the race with extinction from hunger.

It is upon these gloomy prospects that Huxley constructs his narrative: a tale of the twenty-second century, a few generations after a disastrous atomic war which only New Zealand and equatorial Africa have escaped. His scene is Los Angeles, a colossal ruin, over which crawl the survivors, a race of deformed and brutalized beings whose only heritage from the Twentieth Century is the totalitarian state. Atomic radiation is presumed to have affected the genes of intervening generations; children are regularly born with several pairs of nipples, clusters of fingers, or similar monstrous mutations. Such is the general terror of reproduction that the civil power, a devil-worshipping theocracy, has limited the sexual activity of the population to a yearly rutting period, and even that is permitted only as an orgiastic release following a ritual blood sacrifice to the Devil of mutated infants.

But the prognostication is not convincing: the possibility of widespread mutation is not based on evidence but worried suggestions, and, even though Huxley has reasserted the danger in a recent broadcast, one suspects that he is temperamentally inclined to disaster, and more than susceptible to current winds of doctrine. This suspicion is confirmed by other elements in the book. The daily life of Huxley's tormented creatures is a losing battle for survival on an eroding terrain. And, as knowledge of handicrafts had

disappeared in the machine age, the inhabitants of Los Angeles clothe themselves by exhuming the corpses of the city's cemeteries. Thus Huxley makes an addendum to *After Many a Summer*; like Evelyn Waugh he is still fascinated by Californian mortuary customs. Still, the introduction of the theme underlines a weakness of the book: it is a potpourri of current fads.

The thesis of the book is that Satan (Huxley restores to him his ontological due) has cleverly won the fight for man by seducing him into a faith in science and material progress. This infatuation made possible the skyrocketing population of the past two centuries, and created the screaming hungry nationalisms with their equipment of dictators, conscriptors, mass-planners and assorted agencies for dehumanizing man and smashing the individual conscience. Quoting Pascal, Huxley makes a fierce assault on the belief that the pursuit of Truth is itself good: "Truth without charity is not God, but his image and idol, which we must neither love nor worship." By prostituting truth to human appetite, man has missed his golden opportunity for the good life. In fact, Huxley is retelling, in modern terms, the myth of Doctor Faustus, who abandoned theology for secular knowledge, and welfare of the spirit for indulgence of the senses.

But Huxley is unconvincing for all his fervor: the moralist in him is at the mercy of despair. He assumes that the warnings of William Vogt and Sir John Boyd-Orr will go unheeded; he assumes that man's natural bias toward malevolence will lead to self-obliteration. It is well to recognize the reality of evil, but Huxley denies that good (except in a handful of innocents) is operative in the human conscience. Moreover, the technique of the book (a film scenario) suggests that the twin of his earnestness is levity; and the repetition of tricks and motifs from *Brave New World* gives it the flavor of warmed-over stew.

J. C. GARRETT

## BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PROTESTANT ERA: Paul Tillich; Gage (Univ. of Chicago Press); pp. 323; \$4.40.

*The Protestant Era* is a critical essay on the disintegration of modern culture, and the most significant commentary on the "human situation" since the publication of Reinhold Niebuhr's Gifford lectures (1941-43). Many thinkers have diagnosed the ills of our time on the basis of orthodox beliefs, catastrophic predictions, and utopian aspirations; but none of these has so closely allied himself with, and participated in, modern intellectual experience, while subjecting it to radical criticism. Tillich's position is basically that of Lutheran Protestant Christianity whose doubtful survival is the problem of his study. "It is the basic proposition of this chapter [ch. 15] that the traditional form of the Protestant attitude cannot outlast the period of mass disintegration and mass collectivism—that the end of the Protestant era is a possibility" (p. 222). Incidentally, the title of this chapter, "The End of the Protestant Era?" was that originally suggested for the book.

Tillich says: "The boundary between two realms is the most favorable position for understanding them. Although the power and unity of life is stronger in the centre, the chance of observing and knowing it is greater at the periphery" (p. 237). The "boundary situation" is a favorite analogy of Tillich who has lived his whole life in this region of "angst." He grew up in a family marked by the authoritarian austerity of the East-German and the relative

\*APE AND ESSENCE: Aldous Huxley; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 262; \$3.00.

liberalism of the westerner. His intellectual nurturing issued in his religious socialism.

"Religious socialism" is not a party to make a religion out of socialism. It does not even propose a practical alliance between the church and socialist movements, because it is not a party, but a "spiritual power." To quote James Luther Adams: "Religious socialism seeks more than a new economic system, it seeks a total outlook on existence in which all cultural areas retain their autonomy. It rejects the metaphysical core of socialist progressivism, and it adopts a prophetic philosophy of history in which anticipation of the new (as well as the breaking away from the old) is combined with the responsibility of planning for freedom."

The "Protestant Era" is more than a parochial name for the past four centuries of western history. The breakdown of the medieval synthesis of church and society fostered the antithetical principles of independent reason and individuality. "Revolutionary reason," which gave a new dignity and dominion to man, fostered the ideas of a totally mathematical science and a totally rational polity. Religion became an affair of the individual conscience and private judgment where every man might independently accept his God solely by his willing response to the call of God. In the secular sphere, the "bourgeois principle" released man from the past: in trade, in science, in morals, and in status.

Bourgeois freedom meant individual differentiation, which meant class differentiation—social and economic. The process of man's self-alienation had begun. "Revolutionary reason," which had exalted the dignity of man, was transmuted into "technological reason," which adjusts means to ends and tests merit by efficiency. In this phase, laissez-faire economics has already suffered attack. Democracy is similarly jeopardized. Our democratic institutions have been largely sustained by the principle of "natural harmony"; that even where sharp differences arise, the minority is willing to accept the rule of the majority. This basis of underlying identity of purpose is characterized by the phrase: "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition." The "signs of the times" suggest that individualistic democracy must follow individualistic economics into the epoch that is passing. What about individualistic religion? The answer has already been given. Protestantism is also dying with its era.

If the death of Protestantism is confirmed, in what sense can the work of a Protestant theologian be the prolegomena to future religious thinking? The answer is to be found in the symbolic significance of "Protestant" rather than in its historical association. "Protestantism," stemming from the doctrine of "justification," is concerned with protest—protest against the tendency in men to absolutize contingent goods. "The first element in Protestantism is and must always be the proclaiming of the human boundary-situation, of the ultimate threat confronting human existence." But man cannot live on protest. To live, negation must assume affirmative form. "No" demands a "yes." "Protestantism is not only protestantism, it is also, and first of all, Christianity. It is also and above all the bearer and mediator of the 'new being' manifest in Jesus as the Christ." (p. 195). Protestant Christianity, then, is more than a skeptical criticism of honest men's good intentions: it is a promise of creative self-knowledge.

How can a dying, yet eternally creative, Protestant Christianity help a disordered world? It can help because the paradox is only verbal and because the disordered world is beginning to look for cures—real and bogus. "Autonomous man has become insecure in his autonomy" (p. 192). . . . "The man of today is aware of the human ambiguity of which we have spoken. He is aware of the confusion of his

inner life, the cleavage in his behavior, the demonic forces in his physical and social existence. And he senses that not only his being but also his knowing is thrown into confusion, that he lacks ultimate truth, and that he faces, especially in the social life of our day, a conscious, almost demonic, distortion of truth."

A cultural reintegration requires the encouragement of those who see the need for such spiritual reintegration. Tillich sees it as a function of the church to stimulate "spiritual and cultural vanguards" dedicated to the "Protestant principle," whether or not they are members of any church or any political party. This is more than an enterprise for "moral commando" tactics. World wars prove that reconstruction must be world-wide. But peace conferences, punishment of war criminals, and hasty attempts at re-education cannot manufacture a spirit which must develop in a culture rooted in a significant world-view. "The generation to which I belong is a generation between two periods of history. The only thing we can hope to be is a bridge between the ages. None of our generation is able to cross that bridge entirely."

William Johnson

THE VILLAGE OF SOULS: Philip Child; Ryerson; pp. 294; \$3.25.

As if books by Philip Child were not rare enough, his first novel has been withheld from Canadian readers for fifteen years. But here it is at last, in a handsome edition, and it holds no disappointment. Clearly no inadequacy in the book itself has prevented its appearance in its native land. *The Village of Souls* is all that a historical novel should be and hardly ever is. The author combines meticulous scholarship with masterly craftsmanship and artistic vision. The setting, New France, is convincing and full of life. But New France is not merely a background; it is the theme, expressed in the embittered *coureur* who is so anxious to be a chivalrous gentleman, in the devoted priest, and in the two women loved by the *coureur*: one a gently born *fille du roi* who at first rebels against the country but dies a convert to America in an Indian village; the other a savage who is determined to become part of the white man's civilization. Dr. Child hedges a little here, in his broad hints that Anne is really white, but the weakness does not amount to a serious artistic fault.

Here is none of the glossy glamor of ordinary tales of the seventeenth century. Real people, moving in a world which is geographically our own, make us realize with a new shock the vastness of our predecessors' achievement. Dr. Child effectively conveys the immense distances and the apparently invincible emptiness of the country surrounding the Great Lakes. I know of no novel better fitted to give Canadians a genuine sense of that part of their inheritance.

Wilfred Beny's drawings are admirable and emotionally appropriate decorations, greatly preferable to a set of literal "illustrations," which would have added nothing to such a book.

Simon Paynter

ON BEING CANADIAN: Vincent Massey; J. M. Dent & Sons (Canada) Limited; pp. 198; \$3.00.

If Canada has "constitutional inhibitions" which prevent the dominion government from having a program of cultural relations abroad, a separate body with powers of independent action, resembling the British Council and performing some of the functions of the British Arts Council, might exercise some of the authority of the provinces in such matters. This is one of many interesting suggestions from the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, who has represented Canada both at Washington and London. The British Council, with



nearly three million pounds of the taxpayers' money, promotes the free movement of persons and ideas to and from Britain. The Arts Council, with £350,000, encourages arts and letters.

Mr. Massey urges acceleration of the pace in establishing the national library which Sir John A. recommended and for which Sir Wilfrid Laurier chose a site, declares a national system of broadcasting an imperative need, and would welcome more Chinese students to Canada. "It is one thing to assign to the provinces the control of their educational systems and quite another to hold that the federal government must not concern itself with anything related to Canadian intellectual life."

Mr. Massey deals critically with Canadian foreign policy, when any, since the first great war, letting his criticism fall on both Liberal and Conservative governments. He pleads for continued membership in the Commonwealth of Nations as a means of assuring Canada's cultural independence of the United States. Fairness in presenting the pros and cons of membership in the Pan-American Union results in a weak case for staying out. Mr. Massey refutes the notion that land unites and water divides. He feels closer to Britain and western Europe than to South America.

Throughout this thoughtful volume his chief concern is for Canada's separate existence as a nation different from other nations. He does not discuss the economic welfare of Canadians nor the cost of steering an independent course. He is less concerned with Canada's membership in the United Nations than with her membership in the Commonwealth. His emphasis is on making Canada Canadian, even though, as he says, but only in passing: "It is not hard to see that, in an ideal civilization, nationality as we know it would no longer exist. National sovereignty must ultimately give way to a new unity with its bounds as wide as humanity itself."

Andrew Hebb

THE FREE SOCIETY: John Middleton Murry; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 292; \$4.00.

This book is an attempt to define the free society in terms of the Christian moral assumptions which, the author believes, are an inevitable condition of its attainment. The emphasis on the individual conscience is a valuable concept in clarifying our attitude to modern problems. If we recognize that individual moral decision is the essence of a free society it then becomes clear how utterly unrelated to human progress the Soviet Union really is. The awful thing about totalitarianism is the annihilation of conscience that it involves. A totalitarian system has deliberately turned its back on the one vital principle of a free society. This free society must develop a political and an economic equality, and Mr. Murry thinks that the western world stands on the threshold of that development. The danger lies in a creeping darkness of the mind. The largest and most powerful manifestation of this danger is, of course, the Soviet Union, but other and obvious dangers lie within the western society itself. The atom bomb has generated the immediate problem of ending war if man is to survive at all. On this problem, Mr. Murry makes no bones about saying that he is prepared if necessary to fight another war to end war. "Either Russia will, however reluctantly, consent to the establishment of a world authority for the purpose of preventing preparation for war, to whose decisions she will submit; or, if she refuses, then the nations which are willing to submit to such an authority—and they include all the nations of the world outside the Russian bloc—will combine to render Russia harmless."

Even if Mr. Murry's thesis is not rigorously proved it represents a possibility which must be faced and whose moral implications must be examined fully. Mr. Murry examines them in the light of his own moral pre-occupation and his own passionate belief in Christianity. Professing Christians—too many of whom incline to an incurious smugness—would do well to share this uncompromising analysis of the implications of their belief.

J. R. Mallory

NO PLACE TO HIDE: David Bradley; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 182; \$2.35.

To scour the Bikini area with a Geiger counter after the atomic bomb explosions in 1946 was, for Geiger man Dr. David Bradley, an awfully great adventure. "The queerest stuff," he reports, "turns up radioactive; a ship bell of brass; some chemicals from a first-aid locker on deck; and a bar of soap that had been caught in a shower of neutrons. You can never tell what insignificant thing will bear the invisible brand of the Bomb!" Tar and paint on the target ships and even the entrails of fish in the atoll retained lethal amounts of radioactivity.

But the climax of Dr. Bradley's drama at Bikini was not the devastating explosions of the two bombs. Nor was it the discovery of the deadly aftermath of the bombs in the atmosphere, and on land and sea and in the coral sands under the sea. As an expert member of the Radiological Safety Section at Bikini, Dr. Bradley knew in advance that the shower of neutrons emitted at the first moment of the explosion would, apart from the effect of the explosion itself, kill all living creatures within a radius of two thousand yards. He also knew in advance that the radiations released by a single bomb were equal to hundreds of tons of radium, and he more or less expected the discoveries revealed to him here and there by the storm of clicks in his Geiger counter. All these Geiger adventures, Dr. Bradley relates in the first person in diary form. He is one of those rare artists—a scientist endowed with the gift of memorable speech.

His strangest discovery was the apathy of public opinion at home regarding the importance of the bomb. *No Place to Hide* is a protest against this false complacency. In breezy and memorable prose, he presents the truth about the lethal aftermath of the two Bikini bombs as seen and heard by an expert eyewitness. Because of official secrecy, he cannot lift the atomic curtain very high; but he lifts it high enough to reveal just what will happen to each one of us in any future atomic war if we are lucky enough to escape alive from the blast and heat of the bomb burst itself. In such an event, he shows, we will surely die from the death-dealing but invisible and painless penetration of neutrons emitted at the moment of the explosion or from gamma rays thereafter. This absolute terror weapon must somehow be controlled in time, he concludes; or we and our generation will perish, swallowed up and lost, in a vast radioactive abyss, devoid of sense and life.

J. R. Stirrett.

THE BLOOD OF OTHERS: Simone de Beauvoir; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Secker & Warburg, Lindsay Drummond); pp. 228; \$3.50.

This is a story of the Resistance, strongly laced with the post-war French philosophy of Sartre. While watching by his sweetheart's deathbed, Jean Blomart, the central figure, introspectively gropes through his past, hoping to understand the sense of guilt and responsibility which haunts him. "Each of us is responsible for everything and to every human being." The implications of this quotation, from



Dostoevski, on the title-page, are developed in an existential framework.

There is a detached, almost dream-like, effect in the book, partially owing to its technical features. The most obvious are a constant switching from first to third person and back, and an arbitrary use of quotation marks and italics to indicate the different levels of the conscious and subconscious. But these devices, though interesting, are employed too mechanically, and lack the appropriate necessity of mature work. There is also a didactic intrusion of philosophical maxims in the thoughts and conversations of the major characters.

Blomart, the ex-communist union man of petit bourgeois stock is the socially-conscious but indecisive liberal figure, becoming so prominent in the contemporary novel. He does reach a kind of solution through his Resistance activities, a solution emphasized by the girl's death at the end. Still, even though it is a fundamentally sincere novel, there is something hollow about it. The author has attempted to handle her problem with the simplicity of the single sentence from Dostoevski, when what was needed was the subtle insight of *The Brothers Karamazov* or *Crime and Punishment*.  
R.G.N.B.

**NATIVE DESIGNS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society (Victoria, B.C., 1948); pp. 12; 7 plates, 4 loose sheets. \$2.50.**

The British Columbia Arts and Welfare Society are to be congratulated upon the production of their recent publication, *Native Designs of British Columbia*. It includes a foreword by Anthony Walsh, Honorary President of the Society, which sets forth succinctly the background of the works reproduced, and explains how the organization has striven to restore the original high level of native craftsmanship. The object of the present volume is to make available, especially to native craftsmen, original designs in all the beauty of their coloring. The silk screen work, by Roy Garside of Victoria, is accompanied by adequate notes citing the source, location and significance of the original design. The uncolored patterns on the loose sheets include some of the finest designs ever evolved by the highly artistic Northwest Coast aborigines.

The volume is the first real attempt to preserve in adequate printed form the rich heritage of native art in Canada, and the first worthy acknowledgment of that heritage on the part of the white conquerors. It embodies, moreover, the genuine desire of the small but public-spirited group which is the British Columbia Indian Arts and Welfare Society to assist the natives to self-respect and self-sufficiency—a desire all too lacking on the part of Canadians generally. We hope that this slight volume will be followed by many others, of greater size and more diversified content, without diminishing the high standard it has set.

Kenneth E. Kidd

**WHEN THIS YOU SEE REMEMBER ME: Gertrude Stein in Person: W. W. Rogers; Clarke, Irwin and Company (Rinehart); pp. 247; \$3.00.**

A book which is both a biography of a writer and a critique of his writing lays itself open to the danger of confusing two fields. Mr. Rogers has not escaped this in writing about Gertrude Stein. His book is a valuable study, if only because it corrects the common impression of Miss Stein as a literary practical joker, or, worse, a publicity-mad hoaxer. But Mr. Rogers makes the mistake—one which leads us to believe Gertrude Stein also made—of accounting for the writer's literary content and style in terms of the

trivia of her everyday life. He compares quite seriously, for instance, her repetitive sentence structure to her familiar gesture of twisting at a strand of hair, in the words "A caress is a caress is a caress is a 'rose is a rose is a rose is a rose'."

Yet the really salient facts about the external influences on Miss Stein's prose are not elaborated here: no more is said about her education and background than Miss Stein has succinctly given us in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. Mr. Rogers leaves his reader with the feeling that his admiration for Miss Stein is due not so much to his critical acumen as to the fact that she was a someone he knew, and someone who really acted like a temperamental, if naive, "artist." Her relationship to other people and their ideas is not clearly drawn, since the author tends to think in terms of anecdotes rather than portraits—as instinctive a treatment, perhaps, of Gertrude Stein as of Oscar Wilde. Nevertheless, it is an unsatisfactory habit for Mr. Rogers' purpose, for it separates his two lines of investigation. Consequently, though he does give us a delightful series of candid stills of Gertrude Stein, and also a sane estimate of her literary worth, he never quite makes a convincing link between the two.  
R.E.S.

**THE HOUSE WITHOUT A ROOF: Joel Sayre; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 214; \$3.00.**

During World War II Joel Sayre spent some time in the European Theatre of Operations as a correspondent for *The New Yorker*. *The House without a Roof* is a result of his experiences in Germany, and much of it appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. However, it is neither typical *New Yorker* fare nor a typical war correspondent's novel. It is not highly polished and sophisticated, nor dramatic and sensational. Instead, it is a simple, realistic account of how an ordinary German family lived through the war. So natural and unassuming is the style that the reader is apt to forget that it is not simply a factual report.

The story is told in the first person by an American member of the occupation forces in Berlin who meets the Hofmanns when trying to locate a German he had known before the war. He learns to know and to like Hedi, who is half-Jewish—a "Mischling" or "mongrel" in Nazi parlance; Lilo, Hedi's daughter by a previous marriage; and

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Fritz, an engineer who lived with but could not marry Hedi during the Nazi regime because he was an Aryan. From them he gradually finds out what it meant to live under the Nazi laws, to endure the increasing restrictions and scarcities of wartime, and to survive the bombings that destroyed most of Berlin, including the roof of their house.

The book contains no obvious propaganda, but its picture of the Hofmanns is a very convincing reminder that all the Germans were not Nazis, and that people are very much the same the world over, no matter what their government. The Hofmanns were anti-Nazi but not foolhardy: Hedi taught Lilo not to accept the propaganda that she was hearing at school, but also warned the child not to reveal her Jewish blood; Fritz, when drafted into the SS, managed to evade service by a complicated scheme of feigning insanity and getting himself committed to an asylum. It is a heartening description of the quiet resistance of ordinary people to the forces which brought their nation to disaster and threatened to wipe out their individuality.

Edith Fowke

JAMES CARDINAL McGUIGAN: Claude Laing Fisher; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 133; \$3.50.

This is an excellent reporter's story of the career of His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, whose success in pulling Regina diocese out of the depression astonished the whole Canadian Church. That and his equally dramatic achievements in the east make his elevation to the purple less a tribute to the See of Toronto than a personal triumph.

In one hundred and thirty-three pages Mr. Fisher gives as much information as can be expected while the subject of the biography is still living, together with a character sketch that is interesting if necessarily inadequate. Students of the science of government will find plenty of evidence to show that men born to rule Canada are heavily recruited from the Maritime provinces, especially from Prince Edward Island.

There is abundant information about Cardinals, Consistories, Roman ceremonies, the Ottawa Marian Congress and Our Lady of Fatima. A regrettable omission is that of the Rome of the dawn of 1946, with such figures as Cardinals von Preysing, von Galen, Frings, von Faulhaber, Tien of China, Mindszenty of Hungary, Sapieha of Krakow, Saliege of Toulouse, emerging from the war-shadows and gathering at the first post-war meeting from the ends of the earth. The illustrations are good and well-chosen, the chronological summary at the end makes the book invaluable for reference, and the printing and paragraphing are very attractive.

Margaret Cronin

THE BIG FISHERMAN: Lloyd C. Douglas; Thomas Allen; pp. 581; \$3.75.

*The Big Fisherman* has already become an American best-seller; earnest young students and nice old ladies clamor for it in our libraries, and when they return it, report that it is "a lovely book," in which "Palestine in Christ's day just seems to come alive" for them.

It pleases them, apparently, to read that while Hannah his mother-in-law was "out in the front yard raking up the leaves," Simon Peter, "who owned a fleet of trawlers and bossed a gang of roustabouts," came down to the dining-room for breakfast ("boiled eggs, done just right"), was served by Esther (a young Arabian princess in disguise), and as he ate "found himself frankly studying the uncontrived sinuosity of the girl's movements." Nor are they in any sense offended by sentences like "Esther nodded to

Hannah as if inviting her to take a bow," "Naomi would raise all hell till the boys got their jobs back," "He firmed his lips, but this advantaged him little," or by reading how "Andy" and "Johnny" remarked that passing miracles certainly made Jesus sweat a lot. They are so carried away by the sweep of the author's prose that they do not notice how consistently he avoids a first-hand description of any of the dramatic Biblical events, preferring to report them later in the past tense: "Hard on the heels of the shocking news that Jesus had been crucified bounded the incredible story that he was alive again." So much for popular taste.

What is more surprising, the reviewers in general have been unaccountably gentle with Mr. Douglas. They remark temperately that his first plot (concerning Fara, the Arabian princess and her pilgrimage of revenge against Antipas, her Jewish renegade father) never quite fuses with his second (the metamorphosis of Simon from a two-fisted fishing-boss into Peter, the Rock on which Christ built his church); and that the sermons he invents for John the Baptist and his paraphrases of Christ's parables are not quite up to the standard of the original. None of them brands *The Big Fisherman* as the nauseating piece of tripe it undoubtedly is. His severest critic says of Mr. Douglas that he is, after all, sincere and well-intentioned, an irrelevant qualification for which there is no adequate basis in any of his books. From our point of view, Mr. Douglas is an all-too-articulate Babbitt with no historical, literary, or aesthetic conscience whatever, whose intention is to capitalize on the present low level of public taste; an intention which the critics, for whatever reason, are doing nothing to frustrate.

D. Mosdell

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